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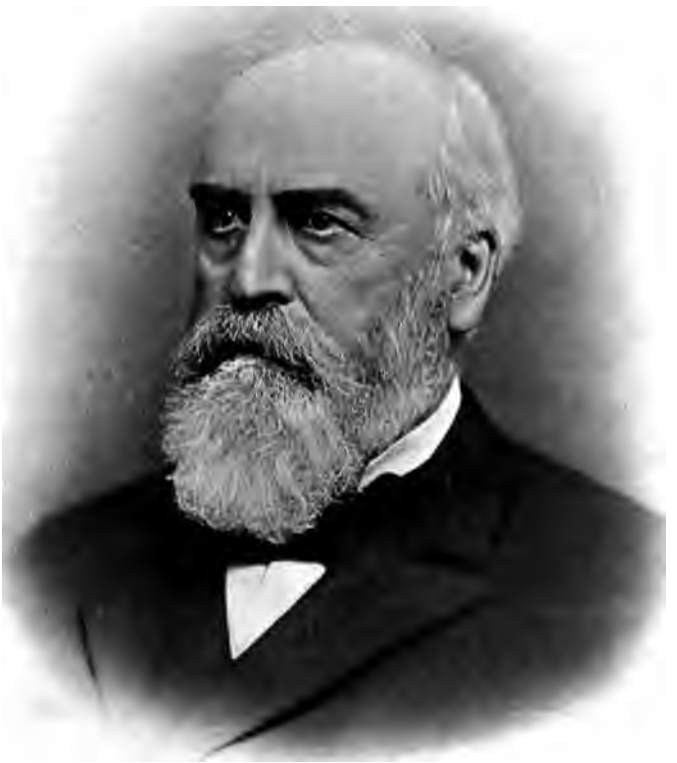
CARTER HENRY HARRISON

A Memoir



Carl M. Hamlin

age 68.

CARTER HENRY HARRISON

A Memoir

BY

WILLIS JOHN ABBOT

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CARTER HENRY HARRISON.

CHAPTER I.

THE HARRISON FAMILY.

BENJAMIN HARRISON, the earliest known progenitor of that illustrious family which has furnished to American political annals so many shining names, appears first in the annals of Virginia as clerk of the Royal Council from 1634 to 1642. Whether he was a native Virginian or an emigrant from the mother country, no record remains to tell. His parentage, the place and date of his birth are alike unknown. The genealogical zeal which the later achievements of his distinguished descendants have inspired has failed to solve with any degree of certainty the problem of his birth and parentage. There is probability, supported by strong circumstantial evidence, that he was either the son or an immediate connection of John Harrison, one time governor of the Somers Islands, or Bermudas as they are now called. In the seventeenth century Virginia and the Somers Islands were intimately connected, being for a time under the control of the same colonial company.

Intercourse between the two colonies was free and constant, and there is nothing improbable in the hypothesis that Benjamin came to the mainland from the Somers Islands, and was the son of the governor of that province. But this is still purely an hypothesis, a speculation based upon mere conjecture. Unless new and unsuspected genealogical data be discovered, the history of the Harrison family of America will continue to be bounded by the limits of the continent, — a limitation which after all seems not inappropriate to a family of such sterling Americanism.

Chiefly because of careless assertion and indifference to facts, the idea has become current that the Harrison family in America had descended in direct line from the regicide General Thomas Harrison. In America, particularly in the days immediately succeeding the revolution, no ignominy could attach to the possession of such an ancestor. Indeed it might rather be a bit of blazonry on the family escutcheon which a house that had already produced a signer of the Declaration of Independence might regard with complacency. But so far as direct descent is concerned, the theory is readily demolished. In 1606 the regicide was born, but in 1635 the earliest known ancestor of the American Harrisons had attained years sufficient to enable him to discharge with credit the functions of clerk of the Virginia Council. That the two may have had a common ancestor is in no way improbable, but that Benjamin

the Clerk ever sympathized with the political beliefs of his kinsman — if kinsman he was — is made doubtful by the very fact of his enjoying honor in Virginia, — a colony always in hearty accord with the royalist party, even when that party was broken and out of power. There is significance in the fact that the only two regicides who fled to America — Goffe and Whalley — sought refuge in the New England colonies, where both the political and the religious opinions of the colonists accorded with those of the Roundheads, who sent Charles I. to the scaffold. In Virginia, where the Church of England flourished with transplanted vigor, where loyal planters, clinging to the ways of the landed gentry at home, drank deep, with scarce an effort at secrecy, to the health of "Charley over the water," there would have been cold welcome for the near kinsman of one of the judges of the regicidal bench. And finally, a man of such family and such beliefs would not have instilled into his son principles of loyalty so sterling that upon his death his tombstone would bear witness, as in the case of the second Benjamin Harrison, son of Benjamin the Clerk, not to his wealth or his temporal honors, but to his devotion to his king. In a lonely little churchyard in Virginia, near Cabin Point, there stands, or stood until recently, an ancient tablet marking the last resting-place of Benjamin Harrison of Surrey, which in letters defaced with time gives mute testimony that "he did justice, loved mercy, and walked humbly with his

The incompleteness of early genealogical records leaves the family name of the wife of Benjamin Harrison of Surrey in doubt. It is only known he survived her many years and dying left two sons, Benjamin, third of that name, who settled at Berkeley, and Nathaniel, who made his home at Brandon. It is rather a curious fact that descendants of Nathaniel Harrison, through intermarriage with the Willings of Philadelphia, and the Byrds of Westover, did bring into the American branch of the Harrison family the blood of doughty General Thomas Harrison the regicide.

It was through the eldest son, Benjamin, — of Berkeley as he afterward became known, — that the strain of Harrison blood which later gave such eminent men to the nation was preserved. Born in 1667, he added lustre to the later family name by marrying Elizabeth Burwell, a daughter of one of the most distinguished Virginia families of that day. The earliest of the name was governor of Virginia. His descendants intermarried with such eminent families of the Old Dominion as the Pages, Nelsons, Randolphs, Claibornes, Marshalls, and other leaders in politics and society, until by the early part of the eighteenth century the Burwell interest became the most powerful family force in the colony. In 1713, in a letter to the commissioners of trade, Governor Alexander Spottswood said: "The greater part of the present council are related to the family of the Burwells. And as there are sundry other gentlemen of the same

family whose qualifications may entitle them to be of the council, if they also shall be admitted upon the same private recommendations as Mr. Berkeley hath been, the whole council in a short time would be of one kindred. As it is now, if Mr. Bassett and Mr. Berkeley should take their places, there will be no less than seven so near related that they will go off the bench whenever a cause of the Burwells comes to be tried."

Like earlier members of his family, Benjamin Harrison the third was prominent in the affairs of the colony. He was for a time treasurer, and later attorney-general of Virginia, and sat in the House of Burgesses both as member and speaker. A man of culture and some literary ability, he was engaged upon a history of the colony when death overtook him at the age of 37, in 1710. Two children survived him. The younger, a daughter, extended still further the brilliant family connections of the Harrisons by marrying a Randolph. The other child, a son, was given the name of Benjamin, borne already by three of his race in direct line.

Benjamin Harrison the fourth settled upon the family estate at Berkeley. Here he led the life of his father and his grandfather before him, managing his broad acres, principally given over to Virginia's staple, tobacco, doing his duty as a country gentleman by sitting in the House of Burgesses, holding for a time the office of sheriff of his county, and making occasional journeys away from home to the planta-

tions of the neighboring gentry, the Randolphs, the Lees, the Pages, the Fitzhughs, and the Carters. It was while on one of these visits that he met Anne, the daughter of Robert Carter of Corotoman, whom he soon after married.

Robert Carter, whose family name was destined to become almost as persistent a Christian name in the Harrison family as the traditional Benjamin, was a famous and a picturesque character of the colonial days in Virginia. His father, Colonel John Carter, of Lancaster County, was prominent in the political and business life of the colony, sat in the House of Burgesses and in the Royal Council, commanded the forces of the colony in warfare against the Indians, and accumulated a large landed property which he bequeathed to his son. The younger Carter, a man of brilliant parts, well conserved the estate which his father left him, and greatly enhanced by his energy, sagacity, and public spirit, the lustre of the family name. As the agent of Lord Fairfax, the proprietary of a wide territory in the northern neck between the Rappahannock and the Potomac, he was a man of much importance in business circles, and this fact, coupled with his own possession of a large estate, and a certain lordliness of manner and freehandedness, earned for him the sobriquet of "King." As Robert, King Carter, he lives in Virginia tradition and history, and the meagre personal details which have been preserved until this day go far to justify the spirit of the title.

Virginia in colonial times was, as we have already said, faithful to the English tradition of an established church. The house of burgesses had direct authority over the church establishment, but there was but slender revenue available for the purpose of paying the clergy or erecting church edifices. John Carter, alert man of affairs and doughty soldier as he was, gave loyal support to the church, and in 1640 built a place of worship on his estate at Corotoman. In 1732, this edifice showing signs of decay, Robert Carter erected on its site a sturdy church, which is still standing, a fine specimen of early Virginia architecture. From the vestry book of this church much of the information concerning the Carter family is drawn. On its pages are still legible the signatures of John Carter, John Carter his son, and Robert Carter, whom neighbors called King. It is significant that the Carter name led all the rest, preceding even that of the rector, as befitted the patron of the sanctuary in a patriarchal state of society. Tradition has it that at the time of service none might enter the sacred edifice until King Carter and his family had arrived. Responding with becoming condescension to the salutations of his tenantry as they stood grouped about the chancel door, the great man entered and took his stately course to the spacious family pew, occupying the whole of one end of the transept. Here, shielded from curious gaze by the high walnut walls of his pew, still further reinforced by damask curtains dependent

from a brass railing, the lord of the manor did his devotions with the comforting reflection that to his beneficence and that of his forbears was due the existence of the church. But the uncertainties of life left Robert Carter little time to enjoy the earthly reward of his pious beneficence. The church which he builded so well had been finished but a few months when a sudden illness carried him off at the age of sixty-nine. In a corner of the weedy churchyard, surrounded by a brick wall fast falling into ruin, is still to be seen the mossy tombstone on which in scarcely decipherable Latin are set forth the personal worth and the earthly honors of Robert Carter.

"Here lies buried," it reads, "Robert Carter, Esq., an honorable man who by noble endowments and pure morals gave lustre to his gentle birth. Rector of William and Mary he sustained the institution in its most trying times. He was speaker of the House of Burgesses, and treasurer under the most serene princes William, Anne, George I., and George II. Elected by the house its speaker six years and governor of the colony for more than a year, he upheld equally the regal dignity and the public freedom. Possessed of ample wealth, blamelessly acquired, he built and endowed at his own expense this sacred edifice, — a signal monument to his piety towards God. He furnished it richly. His first wife was Judith, daughter of John Amistead, Esq.; his second, Betty, a descendant of the noble family

of Landons. By these wives he had many children, on whose education he expended large sums of money. At length, full of honors and of years, when he had well performed all the duties of an exemplary life, he departed from this world on the 4th day of August, in the 69th year of his age.

"The unhappy lament their lost comforter, the widows their lost protector, and the orphans their lost father."

Before Benjamin Harrison and his wife, Anne, there opened the easy patriarchal life which their ancestors for two generations past had led. The best homes in Virginia were open to them. He, like his forefathers, filled the office of sheriff in his county and sat in the House of Burgesses. The children who came to brighten their home were given the slender education of the time, and, reaching the estate of men and women, married into other famous families of Virginia. The eldest son, to whom by custom, now become sanctified by long tradition, fell the name of Benjamin and the family possessions at Berkeley, added by the eminence of his later career greatly to the high repute of the family. Active in the movement which led to the American Revolution, he introduced to Congress a resolution declaring the independence of the American colonies, and signed the immortal Declaration of Independence. His third son, William Henry Harrison, after long and honorable military service, became president of the United States in 1841, and his

great-grandson, bearing the family name of Benjamin, succeeded to the same exalted office in 1889.

Less brilliancy perhaps attaches to the achievements of the younger children of Benjamin Harrison fourth, of Berkeley, than to their elder brother, but the later history of none of them was commonplace. The second son, Charles, became a brilliant soldier in the Continental armies, and commanded the Virginia and Maryland artillery in the war for independence. The third child, a daughter, married Peyton Randolph, president of the first Continental Congress. The youngest son, Carter Henry Harrison, uniting in his Christian names the name of his maternal grandfather, Robert Carter, and the patronymic of the famous Virginia family which gave to the nation the matchless orator Patrick Henry, left the family plantation and settled at Clifton, in Cumberland County. From him descended the subject of this memoir, the late mayor of Chicago.

The reader will note that the divergence in the families to which belonged the two Harrisons who occupied the White House, and the Harrison who for many years governed the city of Chicago, began with the children of Benjamin Harrison, fourth of the name, and third to hold the family estate at Berkeley, whose death in 1744 was caused by a stroke of lightning which struck him dead, and two of his daughters with him. From his eldest son descended the two presidents; from his youngest the "World's Fair mayor."

Carter Henry Harrison, of Clifton, in Cumberland County, was true to the traditions of his race in more ways than one. He founded and built a church, as had his ancestors on both his father's and his mother's side. He took him to wife a Randolph, Susannah, daughter of Isham Randolph of Dungeness, a ship-owner, merchant, planter, magistrate, and burgess of the colony. Through this marriage he was brought into kinship with the Jeffersons, Blands, Lees, Fitzhughs, Bollings, and other notable Virginia families. In the veins of his wife there flowed a strain of royal Indian blood derived from Pocahontas. These matters of collateral relationship, of slender interest to-day, were of serious import in the latter part of the eighteenth century, when a man's social station in Virginia was fixed more by the kinship which he and his wife bore to the first families of the dominion than by his material possessions.

Of the children of Carter Henry Harrison, the eldest son, Randolph Harrison, married Mary Randolph and remained on the estate at Clifton. Of the youngest son, Thomas, little is known except that he was killed in the Battle of Tippecanoe, where he was fighting under the orders of his uncle, the future president. But the second son, Robert Carter Harrison, took the momentous step of leaving, not only his father's estate and neighborhood, but even of turning his back upon Virginia which had so long sheltered his family, and passing be-

yond the mountains to the young commonwealth of Kentucky.

At this period the tide of emigration toward Kentucky was very strong. Though Virginia was only sparsely settled, the system of great estates which had grown up under the law of primogeniture and entail abolished through the efforts of Thomas Jefferson in 1777, seemed to close the most promising avenues toward realization of the ambition of the day, namely, to become a great planter. From those who had passed the barrier of the Alleghany Mountains and established pioneer homes in Kentucky, there came back glowing reports of the fertility of the soil, the magnificence of the timber, the indications of mineral wealth, and the plentitude of game. The younger sons of the best families of Virginia in no inconsiderable number, packed up goods and chattels, mustered their array of horses and slaves, and made the pilgrimage to this new land of plenty. It was in 1806 that Robert Carter Harrison succumbed to the constant temptation of the enterprising American to "go West." He had married some time before, and his brother-in-law, Mr. Breckinridge, himself an early settler in Kentucky, urged the change upon him and purchased for him an estate of 2000 acres at Elk Hill, in Fayette County, about seven miles from Lexington. Thither the Harrisons moved in patriarchal state, taking with them horses, cattle, lumbering wagons with the family effects, and over two hundred negro slaves. The vague traditions

of this pilgrimage which have come down through members of the family say it consumed six weeks, but give no hint of the route followed. From histories of that time it is learned that the great western road lay through Pennsylvania to the westward by wagon, up, up, and still up by winding and craggy roads through the Alleghanies until the crest was scaled, then down the western slopes until Pittsburgh, at the junction of the rivers which form the Ohio was reached. Here the road was left for the river. The steamboat had not yet made its appearance and the favorite craft for descending the Ohio a huge scow, with a cabin built at one end for the family, while at the other end were crowded indiscriminately the cattle, both biped and quadruped. The science of navigation was simple. At that time the noble forests which lined either bank of the river prevented droughts and consequent low water. A flat-boat launched at Pittsburgh would float, with only occasional aid by poling, to New Orleans. Such was the ordinary method of navigation. The craft drifted along as the current willed, now stern first, then bow first, turning slowly all the time, striking the bank occasionally, but quickly dislodged by the rapidly flowing river. Progress if not rapid was constant, and the Ohio was well filled with boats of this sort; for by this time its banks were thickly settled and the river had become an artery of commerce.

In some such way Robert Carter Harrison, his

household, and his sable retinue, made their way into Kentucky. When he reached his estate he built on the summit of Elk Hill a large house, which, from its commanding position, was a prominent feature in the landscape for miles around. Though built of logs this house was then esteemed a notable mansion, and Kentuckians came from considerable distances to see and to admire it.

Before leaving Virginia Mr. Harrison had, as we have said, married, his wife being Anne Cabell, daughter of Colonel Joseph Cabell. The Cabells were people of distinction in Virginia. One of them sat in the convention which ratified the Constitution, and was a member of the first United States Congress. Colonel Joseph Cabell himself, father-in-law of Robert Carter Harrison, was a colonel in the revolutionary army, and an intimate friend of Washington. One of his sons married Pocahontas Bolling, a lineal descendant of the Indian princess. One daughter married John Breckinridge, attorney-general under President Thomas Jefferson, and United States senator from Kentucky, from whom came the Kentucky Breckinridges so distinguished in American political annals. Another daughter married William I. Lewis, a distinguished member of Congress.

Five children were born to Robert Carter Harrison and his wife Anne, only one, however, being born on the Kentucky estate. The second son, Joseph Cabell Harrison, became a Presbyterian minister, and died full of years and honors. Of the three daughters,

one married Samuel G. Richardson, a brilliant lawyer, who was assassinated on the Court-house steps at Frankfort. A second married Samuel M. Brown who won fame in those turbulent days of Kentucky by being the antagonist of Cassius M. Clay in a bloody fight at Russell's Cave, while a third married David Castleman, and was still living in 1892. Carter Henry Harrison, the eldest child, and father of the subject of this memoir, inherited the family estate at Elk Hill, and there lived until his death, which occurred in early life.

In 1822, Carter Henry Harrison, of Elk Hill, married Caroline Evalind, daughter of Colonel William Russell of the regular army. Colonel Russell was the distinguished son of a distinguished father. In 1710, the first William Russell, an officer in the English army came to Virginia with his friend General Alexander Spottswood, royal governor of the colony. He acquired a large estate in Spottsylvania, Culpeper, Frederick, and other counties, partly by purchase, but largely through grants from the crown. He was a gentleman of high standing in the community, his name being preserved in the records of his church in St. Mark's parish as warden. About 1730, he married Mary Henley having by her three children, of whom Henry, the second son is believed to have been slain in that contest with the Indians known as Lord Dunmore's war. A deed still preserved shows that Thomas Jefferson, as governor of Virginia, conveyed to William Russell as heir of

Henry Russell 2000 acres of land in what was afterwards Fayette County, Kentucky, in return for services rendered by Henry Russell in Lord Dunmore's war.

William Russell the second, elder brother of Henry, was born in 1735, enjoyed the typical Virginia gentleman's education at the now venerable college of William and Mary, and, marrying before reaching his majority, settled on a plantation in Culpeper County. His wife was Tabitha Adams, of whose family little is now known. In 1773, he determined to remove to the Kentucky estate which he had acquired as heir to his brother Henry, and had travelled with his family in that direction as far as Castle Woods on the Clinch River, when reports of hostile Indians in the path caused him to hesitate. At this juncture a party of pioneers under the guidance of the famous pathfinder and Indian fighter Daniel Boone chanced that way, and Colonel Russell determined to send his eldest son, Henry, and some negroes with them to prepare a settlement on the new estate, to which the family might make their way later. The expedition, made up of eighty persons in all, had proceeded but forty miles when it was ambushed by savages, and six of the party, including the eldest son of Daniel Boone, and Henry Russell, then only seventeen years old, were slain. Heart-broken by this disaster, the father abandoned all purpose of emigrating to Kentucky, and remained on the Clinch River, in what is now Russell County, Virginia.

There followed a time of constant and cruel Indian warfare, and for much of his later life, Colonel Russell led almost constantly the life of a soldier in the field. He fought the Shawnees in southwestern Virginia, the Cherokees on the banks of the Ohio. In 1776, he commanded a mounted regiment, and was continually engaged with the savages on the frontier. The Indian war still raged when the revolutionary struggle with England began. In that contest Colonel Russell took active part with the friends of liberty. He was commissioned a colonel in the regular army, and fought in the battles of Brandywine, Germantown, and Monmouth, was captured at Charleston, exchanged, and took the field again in season to witness the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown.

The war ended, he was brevetted brigadier, and retired on half pay. His first wife having died before the beginning of the war, he married Mrs. Elizabeth Henry Campbell, a sister of Patrick Henry. With her he led, for the remainder of his life, a quiet life at Aspenville, sitting for a time in the State senate, honored throughout the community in which his name was well known as that of a gallant soldier and a loyal Virginian.

By his two marriages General Russell had many children. Of these one only has pertinence to the subject of this memoir, — the second son, born in Culpeper County, Virginia, in 1758, and named after his father, William. The boy grew to manhood in

rude and cruel times. It was the period in which the ceaseless battle between the redskins and the whites earned for Kentucky the gloomy name of "the dark and bloody ground." The rifle was wielded then by women and children, and we find record of young William Russell, at the age of sixteen, fighting against the savages, under the captaincy of Daniel Boone. From red foes of the settlers he turned to the white enemies of growing liberty, and entered the revolutionary army in which his father already held a commission. "In the memorable battle of King's Mountain," says Collins, in his "History of Kentucky," "the most decisive of the Revolution, young Russell bore a distinguished part. He was a lieutenant in the mounted regiment from Virginia, and, owing to the indisposition of his captain, led his company in the action. He was, it is believed, the first man to reach the summit of the mountain, and among the first to receive a sword from the vanquished enemy."

In the battles of Whitesell's Mills and Guilford Court-house, also, Colonel Russell took active part, and on the close of the Revolution, the Indians becoming troublesome again, he led an expedition against the Cherokees. Soon after peace was declared he went into Kentucky to look after his father's lands, including the two-thousand-acre tract received from the State in requital of Henry Russell's services in Lord Dunmore's war. Pleased with the situation and nature of this estate, he settled upon

it, gaining title to one half of it later by the will of his father, under which the two thousand acres were divided equally between the two sons, William and Robert, with a bonus of £100 to the former "to buy him a negro in lieu of negro Adam, who I once intended for him."

On a high hill within his estate, near a large cave whence flowed constantly a stream of pure spring-water, William Russell built his house, and named it "Mount Brilliant," after the Virginia homestead of the Henry family. Here, in 1786, he entertained Samuel Price, of Virginia, and his family, while that gentleman was arranging for a permanent settlement in the neighborhood. The host speedily fell in love with his guest's comely eighteen-year-old daughter Nancy, and they were married on Christmas day of the same year. Though become a benedict, Colonel Russell did not lay down his sword and rifle, but served in Indian warfare under Gen. Charles Scott and "Mad" Anthony Wayne. The War of 1812 again roused his patriotic ardor, and he was given command of a regiment. He fought in the battle of Tippecanoe, and soon after was given command of the forces on the frontiers of Indiana, Illinois, and Missouri. After peace was restored, General Russell served his State for many years in the legislature.

Fifteen children came to bless the union of William and Nancy Russell. It was the seventh child, Caroline Evalind, born June 16, 1797, who won the

heart of Carter Henry Harrison, of Elk Hill, to whom she was married in 1822.

Such, then, was the stock from which sprung the sturdy American who for so many years dominated the great and cosmopolitan city of Chicago with his robust personality and his commanding mind. On the side of his father there stretched back to the earliest days of the American people a line of sterling Virginia gentlemen of unblemished character. On the side of his mother, a heritage of patriotism tried in battle and proven by the sword, an ancestry of soldiers reaching back, if one desired to trace it so far, to the family which coming from Normandy to England with William the Conqueror, gave to Britain her Dukes of Bedford.

The father of Carter Harrison died too early to have won that place in the community to which his talents would have doubtless elevated him. But in her early widowhood, the mother, in an isolated house, in a primitive community, amid hard conditions of life, showed a wondrous self-reliance, a strength of character and native ability to which her son was ever indebted for the foundations upon which was erected the structure of his glorious manhood. How strenuously she toiled for him, how jealously she guarded him from danger, how eagerly she hailed his triumphs as they were won, we shall see in the course of this narrative. The outspoken love and gratitude he expressed for her at all times, even up to within a few days of his death, was well

earned. The rhapsody of the following tribute to the mother from the son's pen, seems, in the light of her care and sacrifice for him, in no wise extreme:

"I close my eyes and go far back in years to the time when, a tiny babe, I lay in a woman's lap. I look up into dark brown eyes and upon a face full of female beauty. I cannot speak. My infant tongue can form no word, but I coo out in gentle murmurs, 'my beautiful mother.' A few years roll by. I lie on a rug at a woman's feet on a warm summer's day. A dove gently cooes on a tree close by; a cricket chirps on the summer's heath, and the old clock in the corner goes tick-tuck, tick-tuck, tick-tuck. The woman gently hums a sweet song as she fans my cheek; I close my eyes and dream. I dream of my beautiful mother. Long years go by. I am past a half-century old. I am pressed to a woman's heart. She is past three-score years and eighteen. An ocean will soon divide mother and child. Her eyes are yet soft and brown; a flush of love is upon her face as she blesses her son. I never saw her again. But in my heart lives her image, the image of my beautiful mother."

CHAPTER II.

CARTER HARRISON'S BOYHOOD.

In the rude log cabin on the crest of the Elk Hill, near Lexington, the babe destined to lead a long life, full of variety and public honor, and to die at last by the hand of an ignoble assassin in the hour of his greatest triumph, was born on the 15th of February, 1825. In later years Carter Henry Harrison — for the child was given the name borne by two of his ancestors before him — used to say that he was born in a cane-brake, and rocked to sleep in a sugar-trough. The half-humorous reminiscence was literally true, although the privations at which it hinted were not due to the straitened circumstances of his parents. The log cabin of his childhood was the typical country residence of the time, and the sugar-trough did duty for a cradle only until a visit to the neighboring village made possible the purchase of a more suitable resting-place for the welcome and dearly beloved son.

The childhood of the boy was that of any country-bred lad. His home was in the most beautiful section of Kentucky, — the region of blue grass, stately groves, sparkling streams, and, in later days, noble

estates. The healthy out-door life he led as a child built up his physique and made him at 68 a sturdy pedestrian, a magnificent figure on horseback, and a model of robust, active manhood. Sorrow and bereavement came to him early in life, — too early for him to comprehend their meaning. October 29, 1825, the elder Harrison died, little more than four years after his marriage, and a few months only after the birth of his child. But the teachings of the mother filled the boy's mind with enduring love and reverence for the father whom he had never known. Writing in far-off Bombay on the night of his sixty-third birthday, his mind wandered from the strange oriental and half-barbaric scenes by which he was surrounded to that simple Kentucky home, and he set down this noble tribute to a father's love and a mother's devotion: —

"Sixty-three years ago I came into this breathing life. To the young this seems a long time, yet how quickly has it sped! How poor and meagre its results! I open memory's book and sadly turn back its leaves and read its pages. I go a little farther back even than memory can carry me, and read a page all fresh as if it had been just written and I had known it all myself. It was fastened in my brain by a mother's words. It is the picture of a virgin forest on the other side of the globe. In the centre of the forest tract is a small opening, a Kentucky cane-brake of two or three acres. On one edge of this opening is an Indian mound a few feet high, when and by whom built no one can know. A noble tree grew upon its crown, and the roots of a far older one were mouldering on its side. Here had been a camping-ground of red men dead ages ago. I

see a field being cleared by belting the trees and burning their dead trunks. A one-roomed log-house is built upon the lower edge of the brake. There I was unexpectedly born. A new-made trough, cut for the coming sugar season, was my extemporized cradle. It was a rough house for two young, refined, and educated people. But Western energy and new-born hope filled their hearts.

"Pressed upon this page is another, printed ere the year had taken its wintry leaf. The young father lies upon his dying couch. His weeping wife holds before him their baby boy. His blanching lips try to speak. She bends down to catch his dying words. They are a message to his child.

"I turn over a leaf. I see the saddest spot of all seen in my early years, — the graveyard behind my grandfather's orchard, all silent, deeply shaded, and solitary. This picture is the earliest that lives in my own memory, graven into the very heart's core. My mother is holding me, now three years and three months old, by the hand. We stand over a grave. Not a spear of grass nor a weed was green upon it. For long years its mould was kept as fresh as if it were newly made. Long we stood. Tears were running down her pallid cheek; a dove was cooing mournfully in a tree close by; crickets were chirruping in the warm May noon. They seemed to make the very silence more silent. My mother knelt upon the edge of the grave and prayed. I remember but one sentence: 'Thou hast promised to be a father to the fatherless and the widow's God.' When she arose her eyes were dry, though her cheek was still wet. She pointed to the silent grave and said: 'Your father lies there, my child; his last words were for you: "Tell our child that an honest man is the noblest work of God. Teach him not to tell a lie;" and then he died.' Oh, mother in heaven! that message has been given to me a thousand times, — in angel whisperings, upon the briny deep, upon the mountain's side, in the turmoil of angry

strife, in the silent watches of the night, in the loving glances of your own dark, honest eyes, in the far-off land where was our home and where your ashes lie. My father left me lands, but those dying words watered by a mother's tears, were a richer legacy than all the lands. They have checked erring steps a thousand times, and have taught me to hold that 'there is no religion higher than truth.'"

The mother of Carter Harrison must have been a woman of rare force of character and noble mind. Left thus early a widow, alone in a log cabin surrounded by cane-brakes and the virgin forest, she maintained herself nobly, educated her son, managed so well the family estate that when he reached manhood he found himself the possessor of an ample patrimony, and watched ever lovingly and intelligently over the development of his mind and his moral nature.

At his mother's knees the boy obtained the elements of his education. She taught him to read, to write, and to cipher, keeping him close by her until he reached the age of fifteen years, when he was sent to the school of Dr. Lewis Marshall, brother of the famous chief-justice, and father of the Kentucky orator, Thomas Marshall. Lexington at this time made pretensions to fame as an intellectual community. There was situated the Transylvania University, an institution of learning which, despite the pedantry of its title, contributed much to the diffusion of education in the West. The town had produced a sculptor, Joel T. Hart, supported four

newspapers, one religious weekly, and one medical monthly, maintained an "Athenæum," and was one of the score or more Western cities which bore proudly the title, "The Athens of the West." Society in the town and the neighborhood was cultivated and hospitable. The country was rich and plentifully besprinkled with comfortable homes. Though not one of the largest towns in the West, Lexington was one of the most famous for its beauty, and for the high character of its people.

As early as 1825 the town was of sufficient importance to receive a visit from General Lafayette, during his triumphal progress through the country he had helped to make an independent nation. Later, Andrew Jackson paid visits to the old town, and Henry Clay, once a student at the Transylvania University, lived in the magnificent homestead of Ashland, just without its limits. Such names as Breckinridge, Marshall, Clay, and Humphreys were borne by its leading citizens. Socially and politically, Lexington stood for what was best in Kentucky.

The Harrison homestead was six miles from the town, whither, the boy, after reaching the age of fifteen, went daily to school. His hours of leisure were spent in riding about the neighboring country, hunting, and helping his mother in the management of the estate. Near his own home at Clifton was the estate of his maternal grandfather, Colonel Russell, on which was a natural curiosity, the fame of which attracted visitors from all the country round. Rus-

Homestead, Clifton, near Lexington, Ky.

sell's Spring, as it was called, was a stream of pellucid, ice-cold water, issuing from a narrow, shallow, and crooked cave. The cave itself had been traced for a distance of over three-quarters of a mile, and had further connection with distant "sink holes" on the Russell estate.

After two years under the tutelage of Mr. Marshall, the circumstances of his family having by this time become comfortable, Harrison was sent to Yale College, entering the class of 1845 at the beginning of the sophomore year. In thus skipping the first year of the college course, he always felt he made a mistake; "for," as he says in a sketch written for a college annual, "I was ill prepared in Greek, and thus being unable to win a high average, became careless of college honors, and paid, probably, too much attention to general reading."

Few memorials remain of Carter Harrison's college career. It was that of an average student; neither notable for scholastic successes nor for serious neglect of duty. Immediately upon entering Yale he joined Calliope, a college debating society, and in his senior year became a member of the celebrated Scroll and Key Society. Some of his classmates, writing after the lapse of forty-nine years, recall him as "bright, genial, affable, and courteous, — a thorough gentleman. Tall, fine-looking, and striking in appearance, he commanded respect and esteem, and was able to pursue the even tenor of his way without exciting envy or animosity. He had many friends

and no enemies or detractors." The physical characteristics of good looks and robust health which he retained until his last day are vividly recalled by his college associates, who write of him as active in outdoor sports, — though athletics had not then taken first rank as a collegiate science, — always glowing with robust health, ready always for a day on the Sound, in the saddle, or afoot on the high hills neighboring to New Haven. There is a touch in this reminiscence of a classmate which later friends of Harrison will recognize as characteristic: "It was as a student of men and of the times that he was conspicuous, and his observations on passing events and the principles underlying them gave indications that he was laying the foundation of a career destined to be distinguished."

The secretary of the Class of 1845, Mr. Oliver Crane, says, in a letter to the biographer, —

"In college, Mr. Harrison was known as one of the most genial mirth-awakeners in the Class. His presence was always welcome in any Class-gathering and his innocent sallies of wit were always sure to promote good feeling. His vivacity never flagged, while exuberance of spirit was a marked characteristic, which, though sometimes exhibited in a little pardonable flourish, was invariably taken in good part, and even made him a favorite in the Class. As a scholar his standing was good, though he seemed not to aim at the highest honors, but rather to be a well-balanced student in all his studies. His classmates predicted for him a successful career, because of the indomitable push which he possessed."

Although these sketches of Carter Harrison as he appeared in his college days were written after his death, they possess in great part the quality of contemporary memoranda, for, though the writers knew of the eminence of his later career, few of them had renewed personal acquaintance with him after graduation. It may properly be noted here that the few Yale alumni of the Class of 1845 who, being in Chicago in the World's Fair, summer of 1893, sought out their old classmate in the mayor's office were greeted with a hearty good-fellowship almost boyish.

Graduating at the age of twenty Carter Harrison returned to his home in Kentucky, and began the study of the law at Transylvania University. He reached Lexington at an exciting moment. The memorable struggle for the presidency between Kentucky's idolized hero, Henry Clay, and James K. Polk was just over, and the blue-grass country was in mourning. Another Clay was now engaging the attention of Lexington, — Cassius M. Clay, an ex-student of Transylvania and a graduate of Yale. Mr. Clay was an earnest advocate of the abolition of slavery, preached his doctrines in the columns of a paper, "The True American" which he edited, and was always willing to support them with knife or pistol, — arguments which in that day and place enjoyed a certain vogue and much respect. But neither Mr. Clay's rhetoric nor his valor proved convincing to the Lexingtonians, and in the summer of 1849 they proceeded to box up the press and types of "The True

American" and despatch them to Cincinnati, politely presenting the unfortunate owner of the summarily suppressed journal with the bill of lading with all charges prepaid. That the young Harrison took any part in this dire assault on the freedom of the press is improbable. Though a slave-owner himself he was never a believer in the "peculiar institution," and only four years after his graduation, was a delegate — with Cassius M. Clay — to an anti-slavery convention at Frankfort. The convention must have been as far in advance of the spirit of the time as was the editorial policy of "The True American," for it accomplished nothing, and no record of its personnel or its deliberations survives.

Carter Harrison did not immediately complete his law course at Transylvania, but suspended it after one year's study. In later years he ascribed his final abandonment of the law to a dread of the ordeal of public speaking,— a weakness which those familiar with his later ease and self-confidence on the platform will be slow to credit. But his first abandonment of his legal studies was due to tenderness for his widowed mother, for whom, throughout life, he cherished ever the most beautiful filial love. He recognized that to succeed in his profession he would have to reside in town, and he dreaded the thought of leaving his mother longer alone on the distant farm. Accordingly, he laid down his law-books at the end of the first term, and returned to the family home at Clifton, to take up the life of the country

gentleman. That this life was much to his liking, many incidents of his later career, and frequent references to it in his writings show. For years after settling in Chicago, his avowed ambition was to accumulate money enough to return to Kentucky, repurchase his family estate, which had by that time been sold, and resume the comfortable and leisurely career of the Southern planter. The careful reader of the book in which Carter Harrison recounted the incidents of his tour around the world will be struck by the keenness with which he observed agricultural conditions prevailing in the various countries through which he passed, and the comments by which the traveller's familiarity with the methods of American farming is demonstrated. And so, though there remains no record of the daily life of Harrison in the few years he spent at Lexington, it seems just to conclude that he took active supervision of the Clifton estate, directed the slave-workers, and performed all the duties of a gentleman-farmer. He travelled much in his native country too, during this period, visiting the early Virginian home of his family, and making the long river-voyage from Louisville to New Orleans. The great Northwest, which later he came to know so well, did not then tempt him. That was the era of Southern domination in wealth and all that made life enjoyable.

In 1851, Mrs. Harrison married a neighboring clergyman, who had been one of her earliest friends and her sincerest adviser during her widowhood.

Rev. Thomas P. Dudley, who became the second husband of Carter Harrison's mother, was a man of remarkable qualities, which gained for him widespread fame in the middle West. A clergyman himself, he was also the son of a clergyman. His father, Ambrose Dudley, a giant in frame, in will, and in intellect, was first pastor of the little Baptist church built at Bryan's Station, near Lexington, in the days when Kentucky was earning the title "the dark and bloody ground." Thomas Dudley succeeded to the pastorate and held it for more than sixty years. Churchman as he was, he did his part with rifle and with sabre against both the Indians and their allies, the British, in 1812. In the battle of Raisin River, during that war, he was sorely wounded, and escaped the fate of many of his comrades, who were massacred by Indians, only by chance, or, as he himself would doubtless say, by the merciful interposition of Providence. For a long time he was held captive by the savages. Wounded as he was, he was forced to march through the snow for nearly two hundred miles, without surgical attention or even the rudest attempts to alleviate his sufferings. On the way he saw his closest associates brained by the savages' tomahawks, and supposed himself reserved from death only for torture. At last, at Niagara, he was bought from the Indians by a British officer whom he knew, and released. Nothing daunted, however, by this experience, he took up arms again for his

country, and was in Jackson's line at the battle of New Orleans, thus serving in the most southerly and almost the most northerly of the battles of 1812. After the war he remained for a brief time in commercial pursuits, which he relinquished at the death of his father, to take the pastorate of the little church at Bryan's Station. This duty, which he fulfilled for more than sixty years, was for him wholly a labor of love. Of independent, though slender means himself, he never took from his parishioners in return for his services more than enough to pay for the keeping of his horse. Yet his services to them were earnest and untiring, his influence among them paramount, and as "Uncle Tom" Dudley, his name was known in all the counties of Kentucky and through a great part of Tennessee as that of an earnest Christian, a valiant soldier, a wise counsellor, and a good citizen.

Upon the marriage of his mother young Harrison made his first voyage to Europe, spending two years in travel through England and the continent. A very full journal kept by the traveller and still preserved in the family, gives the details of this tour. Though it lacks the entertaining and even brilliant qualities of Harrison's later book of travel, "A Race With the Sun," it gives evidence that in that early day its writer possessed those gifts of observation, intrepidity, and *bonhomie* which would have made him a great literary traveller had not destiny willed it otherwise. Coming from an old

Kentucky family, he bore letters which opened to him the doors of the best English society, and he enjoyed to the fullest degree the hospitalities tendered him. But he appeared to find even more pleasure in mingling with the masses, in sharing the meals of the peasant and the factory hand. In later days he told with some unction of having dined in the kitchen of a nobleman, as the guest of his housekeeper, and the incident is entirely characteristic. While by no means devoid of that lingering admiration for rank which comes to even the best Americans as part of their British heritage, he was without snobbishness which would make him hold aloof from the untitled class. Doubtless dinner in the state dining-room of the nobleman's mansion would have been a function wholly to Harrison's taste, and many such he enjoyed, but the entertainment in the servants' hall was accepted and partaken of by him in the same simple hearty manner in which it was proffered.

This first foreign tour of Harrison's extended through the main-travelled roads of Europe, Egypt, Syria, and Asia Minor. The latter countries he visited with Bayard Taylor, who made of the trip the material for his book "The Land of the Saracen." A younger man and less practised traveller than Taylor, Harrison had a sharper eye for the picturesque, and his journal, rough and unliterary in style though it is, shows how admirable a story of this expedition he might have written. In a

later chapter will be given copious extracts from his "Race With the Sun," showing his literary style at his best, and detailed description of his early travels may well be omitted here. But one incident of this European visit, though related in the later book, well merits recountal in his own words. He was in Paris at the time of the Third Napoleon's *coup d'état,* and saw something of the street scenes which attended that stroke of nineteenth-century Cæsarism.

"My lack of confidence in Louis Napoleon was soon justified," he writes. "The evening of December 1st was calm, and the sunset sky sweetly rose-tinted. The house in which I had apartments was on St. George's, near the one in Rue Lafitte in which the president was born. It was occupied by a large number of Italian patriots, refugees from Rome. From one I was taking lessons in his soft language. Early in the morning of the 2d, his tap came upon my door. Pale and excited, he told me that the city was in a state of siege, and that Cavaignac, Thiers, and other republican leaders were arrested and sent off to Ham and other fortresses. My blood boiled, and my tongue rattled off denunciations. 'Tais-toi, mon garçon,' he said. 'But I am not afraid, I am an American.' 'C'est vrai, mais nous sommes — nous autres — Romains, and your words may be dangerous to us.' I swallowed my coffee hurriedly and sallied forth. The boulevards close by were crowded by excited people. Soon a line of mounted lancers began to pour up the broad avenue. There were ten thousand of them. Close by my side on the curb-stone stood a distinguished-looking lady. I asked her what were the feelings of the Parisians now. With a shrug of the shoulders and a sweet smile, she answered: 'It is gratitude to Monsieur le Prince for this magnificent spectacle.' Her

words were so cold-blooded that I angrily retorted, 'C'est impossible!' With sweet condescension she rejoined: 'Monsieur est Américain, n'est pas? Je suis Parisienne; mais je connais les Parisiennes: attendez les dénouements.' She was very beautiful, but for the moment I forgot my admiration and disliked her.

"Events afterward showed that she was right, and that my patriotic sympathies were all wasted. Rapidly the great streets were filled with soldiers, and news came of barricades in several localities. Afterwards, with a party of students, I started to get near Porte St. Martin, where a strong barricade was thrown up and fighting was going on. I stopped in a *boutique* (shop) to write a postscript in a letter I was about to post home. My friends got a little way ahead of me, and the crowd was so great that I could not overtake them. I got within sight of St. Martin, when an order ran down the boulevard to open every upper window. Some shots had come from behind closed blinds; and immediately after, another order ran along the line of soldiers to clear the streets. The crowd at first did not budge; a rattle of musketry poured down towards us, and a cannon-ball crashed into a *boutique* window a few steps behind me. Then there was a rush to get away. I was carried along by the moving mass. Bits of plaster came down upon my head from upper walls upon which musket-balls were rattling. As Sam Weller said, 'It was too exciting to be pleasant.' I was glad to reach a cross street, into which I plunged, and made a détour so as to reach a point where I could cross the boulevard to get to my residence. This I could not do until I reached the Madeleine, over a mile off. The crowd rapidly vanished from the streets, as if by magic. When I crossed Rue Vivienne, there was not a person to be seen except the soldiers, two hundred or three hundred yards off at the boulevard's intersection, who at that moment poured a volley adown the street. I thought I heard bullets whistling; when I had crossed

Vivienne I laughed at myself for imagining I had heard bullets, for I then felt sure the volleys were of blank cartridge. I afterwards found that the walls above the second story at that point had been riddled with balls, and more than probably some of them came while I was there. It was almost impossible to remain in my room, so great was the fever of excitement burning in me. At one time I was in a pack at the mouth of Rue Lafitte when some firing was heard up the boulevard; we were ordered to disperse with an 'allez-vous en!' We paid no attention to it. Then came a stern 'Va-t'en!' We knew that meant business, especially when a platoon of infantry was seen rapidly approaching. I was open to the enemy. I ran, putting my hands in front of me, and then drawing them back, as if swimming. Each motion put two or three Frenchmen, not so strong as I, behind me. I thus made a living breastwork to my rear, of probably a hundred, when the crash of musketry was heard. There were screams. How many were hit I did not hear, but I soon saw two men on shutters borne up the street.

"St. Martin's barricade fell and was captured, and at dusk, with a little lady friend of our concierge, I went out to reconnoitre. The public were permitted to cross the boulevard only at Rue Montmartre. Mounted sentinels were moving back and forth, while the mass of cavalry were bivouacked in the centre of the broad avenue. We had crossed, and were stooping down to examine what we took to be blood in the gutter. All at once I felt something cold touch my cheek. I looked up; the barrel of a horse-pistol was within two inches of my nose, and the mounted owner ordered us on. I need not say that we obeyed with exceeding alacrity. I said some things at that time bordering on the tragic. My friends who got lost from me on the way to St. Martin were unable to reach a cross street when the firing commenced. Chaupan of New Orleans went through a hole in a *boutique* shutter, made by a

cannon-ball, and hid himself in the deserted house. Jones, of Kentucky, got into a shop with a crowd; soldiers rushed in and gave him a sabre cut in his hand. Metcalffe, of Mississippi, finding the bullets were whistling dangerously, dropped with face down to the ground close to the house-walls and lay still. Soldiers in file passed along; one gave him a kick, saying: 'C'est fait pour lui' (He is done for). Poor Orrick played Falstaff, but dreading the while lest they might put in a finishing touch. All were more or less greatly endangered. Ap Catesby Jones had a leg broken in two places below the knee, and was for months in a critical condition. One of my Italian friends appeared no more in our house, and his companions were sad and silent. Some gay young ladies lamented the places lately filled by student friends (French) in a boarding-house I sometimes frequented in the Latin quarter. The bulletins set down the killed at a dozen or so. I knew of nearly that many myself. I talked the other day with an old soldier; he said there were one thousand killed, most of them idle spectators."

Returning to the United States in 1853, Carter Harrison at first determined to take up again the placid patriarchal life on the Clifton estate. But two years of European travel had greatly changed his tastes. Neither the duties nor the pleasures of a planter were congenial to him longer. He had tasted the sweets of town life while abroad, and though the new country in which his lot was cast had neither a London, a Paris, or a Berlin to attract him, he determined to fit himself for urban life, and to make his home and habitation in one of the growing cities of the great West. To this end he took up again his interrupted law studies, — the filial rea-

sons which had led to their temporary interruption no longer existing, — and graduated from the law school of Transylvania University in the spring of 1855. The same year he married Miss Sophonisba Preston, of Henderson, Kentucky, a descendant of one of the most famous of Southern families, and immediately upon his wedding set out to seek a new home and a new career.

CHAPTER III.

SEEKING A CAREER.

THE wedding journey took the young couple into lands to them both new and strange. It was at once a bridal tour and a prospecting expedition; for the mind of the young Kentuckian was fixed on deserting his farm for the more stirring activities of a Northern city. If he had ambitions other than to secure a competence and with it return to lead the life of a Kentucky gentleman-farmer, he did not at this time express them. Some instinct, the reason for which he would probably have been unable to give, told him that the prizes lay to the northward. It is a familiar phenomenon that the course of emigration proceeds along the parallels of latitude. Kentucky was settled by immigration from Virginia; Missouri, in turn, obtained the overflow population of Kentucky. But chance, or superior judgment, led Carter Harrison to break over this law and turn his steps to the northward, although, as we shall see by his own writing, he narrowly escaped casting his lot with the metropolis of Missouri.

The first stage of the wedding journey took the young couple to St. Louis. Here they found rela-

tives and a host of friends, and were welcomed to the gay society of what was then the principal city of the West, and a town in which the vivacity and brilliancy of its early French founders still persisted. The city made a decided impression on Harrison. "I am exceedingly pleased with St. Louis," he wrote to a Kentucky relative; "it is more like a European city than any, except New York and New Orleans, which I ever visited in the United States. Its amusements, its shops, and the people promenading of evenings and looking in the shop windows are quite foreign."

So much was he taken with the city that he thought of ending his tour of investigation and discovery there, although he had planned to go to St. Paul and thence to Chicago. "I would not be at all surprised if I should yet locate here," he continues; "for it pleases me more than any town I know, and I do not much fancy living in a free State. For this I should be compelled to make a wholesale disposal of my negroes at public sale, and to sell a *man* is to me one of the most disagreeable things I could possibly do. I sold one of my men a day or two before I left home. I got $1,020 for him, payable Christmas, equal to $975 cash. If times should get somewhat better such a hand would bring $1100 or $1200."

Brief statement of Harrison's views on the question of slavery is pertinent here. Though his ancestors, from their earliest appearance in America, were slave-

owners, and he himself had been reared in a slave-holding community by slave-owning parents, he had never any sympathy with the "peculiar institution." Reference has already been made to his participation in the Frankfort anti-slavery convention. His position was not that of the Northern Abolitionists, but in accordance with the views of the very considerable body of thoughtful men in the South, who deplored the existence of slavery, but held that it could not be in justice abolished without some remuneration to the slaveholder for his loss.

Leaving St. Louis, the young couple turned towards Chicago. On the way they stopped for a time at Galena, then a thriving and bustling town. It is matter of tradition in the family that both were so charmed with the beauty and the life of the ambitious mining community that full determination to settle there had been formed. But little things settle the destinies of men and nations. The Galena mosquito is, or was then, a pest of peculiar pertinacity and virulence. His persecutions were so effective on the first night of the travellers' stay that all the social and commercial advantages of Galena were forgotten, and they took their departure in haste.

Chicago, when the Harrisons reached it, gave but faint promise of its future greatness. A recent State census gave it a population of 80,023; the public revenue from taxation amounted to $206,209. In the year when untimely death struck down Mayor Harrison, he administered a city treasury containing

over $15,000,000. In area the town was ambitious; Thirty-first Street, Western Avenue, and Fullerton Avenue being its extreme boundaries. But the spacious territory thus included within the city limits was only very sparsely settled.

Chicago was not at that time so finished a city as St. Louis. Though there was little disparity in population, the Mississippi River town had the advantage of long years of existence and civic improvements over the city by the lake. Successive raising of the grade had not yet artificially elevated Chicago streets above the swamp which the almost indecipherable laws of commerce had made the site of a great city. An air of newness was over everything. There were no such old mansions betokening long-time repose and cultivation as the travellers had been accustomed to in Kentucky and had found again in St. Louis. Everything outside the business quarter was frame. The odor of pine lumber was in the air and the curse of the clapboard was on the architecture. It is known that the young couple were far from being pleased with the city. Two or three days' stay determined them to continue their travels and make a lake voyage to West Superior, with an overland trip thence to St. Paul, and from there down the river to St. Louis again. But here that eminently active factor in the upbuilding of Chicago, the astute real-estate agent, intervened, and Carter Harrison was riveted to the city, which afterwards so greatly honored him, by a heavy investment in eligible property.

The site of the purchase was the southwest corner of Clark and Harrison streets, a neighborhood then eminently respectable and even, as the real-estate agent would put it, "gilt-edged." That this was the nature of the locality then is further indicated by the fact that not long after the purchase Mr. Harrison improved his property by building there a brick edifice which was maintained as a fashionable family hotel in which he and his wife lived for some time. The building is still standing (1894), and is part of the Harrison estate, but residents of Chicago will not need to be told how greatly the character of the neighborhood has changed.

Soon after buying this property and determining to settle in Chicago — not permanently, but, as he expressed it, "for a few years until I can make grease enough to grease my own and my children's wheels for all time to come" — Carter Harrison returned to Lexington and closed out his estate there, including the negroes he was so loath to sell. He had embarked upon the stormy waters of real estate speculation in Chicago, and needed his entire patrimony in available form. "I bought two parcels of land last spring," he wrote to a friend at this time, "one valuable immediately, the other in prospect. To build I shall have to go in debt quite largely, — that is, I purchased on time, and will invest in improvements what is due on the land in three, four, and five years. But then if things keep up here as now, my rents each year will pay up my notes."

Like most investors in new and "booming" towns, Harrison was over-sanguine. Things did *not* keep up. The panic of 1858, bitterly remembered in Chicago, was even then ripening, and when it came the notes which he had out gave the enthusiastic investor no small anxiety. But he weathered the storm then, and in this fall of 1856, with not a cloud yet visible, he was loud in his prophecies of great things for Chicago.

"This town is wonderful," he wrote. "Its growth is almost beyond belief. In 1840 it had four thousand five hundred people, in 1850 less than fifty thousand, and now over eighty thousand. Men who five years ago invested their all, four or five thousand dollars, are now worth two or three hundred thousand. Where I now sit, ground is worth six hundred dollars a foot, and five years ago I suspect it could have been bought for forty or fifty dollars. There are more noble marble-front buildings here than in St. Louis, and more under way than are in Louisville. I hardly know what the thing is to be. I would not be at all astonished if in ten years there should be five hundred thousand inhabitants. One train brought in to-day, sixteen carloads of passengers, and fourteen railroads pour in here their passengers and produce. Over one hundred trains a day come here, sometimes forty to sixty vessels. Over two thousand houses have been built this year. Most of them, it is true, are of wood, but that is because there is such a demand that men can put

up a house for two or three years, pay for it, and build a more substantial one. The last six days over six hundred thousand bushels of grain were brought here."

It reads like an extract from a board-of-trade prospectus intended to invite settlers, but certainly the wonderful city which grew up on the shores of Lake Michigan has fully justified all this enthusiasm. And the writer had the courage of his convictions in the fullest degree, for he eagerly invested all that he had in Chicago realty, and went heavily into debt for more. The history of early real-estate speculations in a city of such rapid growth is always interesting. Another quotation from a letter of 1856 may not be out of place: —

"I am about to purchase another piece (of land) about three miles from the centre of the city, but just in the suburbs, and the seller lets me have fifty-five acres of good land adjoining it, simply for fencing and paying taxes for six or seven years. On this I think I can make a very handsome thing by gardening on a large scale. As soon as I have got things into proper gearing, I shall open my office and do the best I can for my clients, if I should ever have any. On the five acres I shall build; and my wife may amuse herself raising flowers and bramah chickens."

The office, however, was never opened, — at least as a law office. The activities of buying and selling real estate engaged Mr. Harrison's attention until his political labors began to occupy his full time. In later years he used to say that he abandoned law because public speaking was agony to him, —

that he could never address a court without painful trepidation. In some measure this was probably true, but allowance must be made for the humorous exaggeration which was so characteristic a feature of his conversation. It is certain that as early as 1856 he appeared before a public assemblage in Chicago, and made a speech which one of his auditors describes as very pretty and effective.

This speech marks the first political activity of Carter H. Harrison. There are two odd features about it. It was delivered in support of a cause hostile to all the principles which in later and riper years he upheld, and after its delivery, he made no further appearance in politics for nearly fifteen years. It will be remembered that in the presidential election of 1856, three candidates were in the field, — Buchanan, Democrat, Fremont, Republican, and Millard Fillmore, the nominee of the American, or as it was more generally termed, the Know Nothing party. The American party numbered among its members numbers of Southern Whigs, loyal and loving disciples of Henry Clay, who, when the Whig party disappeared from politics, could not ally themselves with the Democrats, the enemies of their idol, nor join the new Republican party, which they denounced as sectional. Carter Harrison was in 1856 one of these Whigs without a party. Indeed, up to the time of his death, he professed himself a Henry Clay Whig, and clung to that policy of moderate protection to American industries preached by the great

commoner. There were many young Kentuckians of Harrison's belief in Chicago, and, being with a number of them one night at a Fillmore meeting, he was called on for a speech, and delivered what was his first political address, and his last for fifteen years. The disastrous failure of the American party is a matter of history. It carried but one State, Maryland, in that campaign, and never put out another national ticket.

It is not likely, however, that the failure of his ticket brought any sorrow to Harrison. His political interest at that time was only incidental. Real estate was his pursuit and his passion. Early in 1857, he, with H. H. Honore, his principal associate in all his investments at that time, and one or two others bought forty acres of land extending from Madison to Harrison, and from Ashland Avenue west and platted it as Ashland addition. It was then what might be termed eligible suburban property. The partners in the speculation took the first step toward making their property merchantable by building homes for themselves on it. Honore built the large, square mansion on the block between Jackson and Van Buren streets which afterwards passed into the ownership of Harrison and was for years widely known as the latter's home. Harrison, for his part, built a few blocks west. But for a time the prospects of success in this speculation were very dubious. When all seemed most prosperous, the clouds were gathering from which the financial storm of 1857

was to burst. The disaster of that year will not soon be forgotten. Banks failed, great commission firms went to the wall, the great food staples which created the bulk of the city's business went lower and lower in price. For lack of shipments, the railroads and the vessel interests languished. Idle men congregated on the street corners, or haunted the business district seeking for work. Money was scarce, collections slow. On the one hand, creditors pressed for payment, on the other, debtors sought to evade settlements. It was one of those periods of commercial distress which seem to recur at almost stated intervals.

In this panic Carter Harrison suffered with the others. The real estate which he had bought on credit became unsalable, and the notes he had given for deferred payments fell due when no money was to be had for their payment. His associates were in the same plight. The heaviest creditor of the little coterie of investors was William B. Ogden, from whom the Ashland addition had been bought. It was the delicate duty of young Harrison, as notes from time to time fell due, to wait upon the creditor and arrange for their renewal, — a task which called for all his resources of diplomacy, good-fellowship, and firmness. The investors succeeded in keeping their property, but for two or three years Mr. Harrison was constantly pinched for money. He felt and talked poor, as, indeed did most Chicagoans at that time. The gay and prosperous colony of Kentuckians who had eagerly received him when he came,

bearing a good name, strong introductions, and a comfortably filled pocket, began to show signs of distress. For himself, his burden was increased by the failure of his wife's health, which made her protracted absence at her mother's home in Henderson, Kentucky, necessary. The apparently fatal check to the prosperity of Chicago, and to his own fortunes, plunged him into perplexity and gloom. For a time he seriously considered disposing of his property at such prices as were obtainable, and returning to Kentucky to live. The commercial depression setting in in 1857, continued with but little alleviation for three years. In 1859, we find him writing to a friend at Lexington: —

"I got here a few days since. Came from Lexington, where I had been staying for a month. My wife and little girl are still there. I had hoped to be able to go to Fayette this season and look about me preparatory to buying back my old place or some other one. But my trip here in May convinced me it would yet be a good while before I could carry out my wishes. The mass of my means here consists in bonds and mortgages, — all pretty well secured, but collections are as yet utterly impracticable, times hard, and it will require a crop or two to put things right. I have to wait upon everybody, and in some instances will have to take back the property sold. As I had on selling taken other property, or other secured notes as cash payments, this will give me a great deal of property here, but it will be a good while before I can sell out again. I yet have payments to make, so that I will be pretty hard up for a year or two. This year ought to have put me out of doubt and left me with a pretty estate and been able to live like a gentleman; as it is, I shall have to watch and work, and be hard up for one or two more years."

Carter H. Harrison.
æt. 31.

Never was there a more striking illustration of that

> "divinity that shapes our ends,
> Rough hew them how we will,"

than the temporary turn in the tide of fortune which balked Carter Harrison of his desire to return to Kentucky, there to lead the inconspicuous, aimless life of a country gentleman. When prosperity came again, the development of ambitions which, if not wholly new, were hitherto almost unexpressed, bound him to Chicago. We say that the ambition which in later years dominated him may have possessed him in youth, though he then gave no sign of striving for its gratification. In the letter of such a *de profundis* tone already quoted he wrote: —

"I am shorn of many of my bright hopes, but still have to repress the desires and aspirations, the feelings and longings of sixteen. Time has not taken these from me, but has convinced me of their hopelessness. It is hard to acknowledge we *would* when we know we *can't*. To look aloft at the bright pinnacles we yet admire and once hoped to clamber to, and know the ladder is taken from before us, and feel we have unfitted our feet for the rugged ascent, — and yet still be unable to keep our yearning eyes from looking upward."

Whatever may have been the ambition thus secretly cherished, whether it was for the political success so fully attained in later years, for literary triumphs, or for the acquisition of great wealth, the business and domestic troubles of the next ten years left him no opportunity to seek its gratifica-

tion. If he took part in the exciting presidential canvass which ushered in the Civil War, his share was so very inconspicuous that no record remains of it. It is probable that the conflicting sentiments due to his Kentucky birth and Virginia lineage, his Northern residence and his antagonism to slavery, made him withdraw silently from the political activities of the time as they impelled him to avoid any participation in the actual hostilities of which he disapproved. During the decade 1860–1870, he was but a private citizen, busily engaged in repairing his impaired fortunes, devoting himself to family cares, called on to mourn the deaths of five infant children, making hosts of friends whose attachment in later days stood him in good stead, — in short, an inconspicuous resident of Chicago, in comfortable circumstances and with good social connections, but without particular eminence or apparent public ambition.

CHAPTER IV.

ENTRANCE UPON PUBLIC LIFE.

It was characteristic of Carter Harrison that his first serious appearance in politics should be as a candidate on a non-partisan ticket, put forward by the business men of Chicago, in a time of great calamity, when the best efforts of men of integrity and ability were needed in the conduct of public affairs. In 1870 he had been a candidate for a seat in the lower house of the State legislature, but this candidacy was a diversion rather than a serious political effort.

In the fall of 1871 Chicago was swept by the two disastrous conflagrations, the first of which would be historical if it had not been dwarfed into comparative insignificance by the second. Mr. Harrison's own loss by the disaster was trivial. His property at the corner of Harrison and Clark streets proved the turning-point of the flames. It is a singular coincidence that in the great conflagration of 1874, the flames were again checked when only the open street separated them from Mr. Harrison's property.

His office, which was in a building further down town, went in the flames which swept over the business district, and he, like hosts of other Chicago busi-

ness men, suffered some loss and an immense amount of annoyance by the destruction of his personal papers.

The marvellous buoyancy with which Chicago rose from the depths of disaster is familiar to the whole world. While the ruins were still smoking, and the ground still hot, her men of affairs were making plans for rebuilding their fortunes and recreating the city. The sound of the mason's trowel and the carpenter's hammer was heard before the hum of the fire-engines had died away. The parched and ghastly expanse of ruins which marked the spot where once had stood a prosperous city was attacked by an army of workmen. First, shanties appeared, then solid business-blocks arose, more stately than those whose places they took. There was unprecedented demand for labor, and skilled workmen flocked thither. Public works had to be undertaken, the débris carted away, streets repaired or repaved, a new city hall and county building to be erected. There was unprecedented demand for labor of every kind, and for those unable to labor or hopelessly dependent there was generous and sufficient public aid to be disbursed from the enormous stores of food and clothing poured into Chicago by the spontaneous awakening of the world's sympathy and benevolence.

There was need, at such a moment, of public officers of more than ordinary capacity and devotion. The problems which confronted the city government were such as no municipality ever before had to

meet. A sudden demand for enormous expenditures came just when a vast amount of taxable property had been swept away, and when the citizens were almost all sadly impoverished. The problem of policing a city of ruins to which had been attracted the hordes of harpies that always attend upon disaster, was a serious one. Proper public supervision of the distribution of the relief funds was essential. The city and county records were destroyed, and a fearful insecurity hung about titles to land and the description of property. In the matter of collecting public revenue all was chaos; the assessment rolls had perished, and with them a good share of the property assessed; tax receipts were gone, and the books in which their issuance was recorded. There was neither a jail for the detention of prisoners, a court-house, nor police station. Everything was swept away.

At that period the city elections in Chicago, which now are held in April, came in November, concurrently with the election of county officials; so the people of Chicago had scarcely recovered from the first shock of the calamity in September, when they found themselves confronted with the necessity of electing entirely new officials for the city and county government. In the presence of such a crushing disaster, it was natural that party spirit should be thrust aside, and a non-partisan ticket composed of men of high standing and universal acceptability, elected. This course was strenuously urged by the newspapers of the city, which had speedily recovered

from the fiery visitation, and bent their energies to the work of upbuilding the town again. It was received with very general approval, although not with that unanimous acquiescence which it would appear so obvious a course would meet. Even in the presence of such a misfortune as the Chicago fire, the professional politician could not forget his profession, and the citizens' ticket encountered his resistance from its suggestion to the moment of its victory.

The union ticket — or the "fireproof ticket," as it speedily came to be called — was put in nomination by the central committees of the two political parties, who first agreed together as to the division of the offices between Democrats and Republicans, and then each for its own party chose the nominees. The ticket was headed by Joseph Medill, the distinguished editor of the "Chicago Tribune," as mayor. It included among the city and county officials many men whose names have since become identified with all that is best and brightest in Chicago's history. In the work of the convention Carter Harrison took an active part, warmly advocating the nomination of Mr. Medill, and personally soliciting that gentleman to accept the trust. It does not appear, either from the printed records or the recollections of his contemporaries, that Mr. Harrison sought for himself the office to which he was nominated, — that of county commissioner. He had, up to this time, shown little of the aptitude for politics and nothing of that passion for public life which in later years became his

most notable characteristics. He had dabbled a little in the politics of his ward, had sat as a delegate in a judicial convention, had been a candidate for the State legislature, and had come to be known as a Democrat who might be relied upon for the service of his party. It was as a business man rather than as a politician that he was given place on the "fireproof" ticket.

The campaign that followed was bitter, — rather more so than the strength of the opposition necessitated. For there were opposition tickets. The political fervor of an American city could not rest content with a single ticket in the field, however admirable its personnel. Irreconcilable members of each of the regular parties held conventions and put tickets in nomination. These discordant elements were vigorously, if not elegantly, described by the press which supported the "fireproof" ticket, as "soreheads," "scalawags," and "bummers." Nero did not more gleefully fiddle over burning Rome than did the politicians bandy epithets over burned Chicago.

Carter Harrison was active in the work of the campaign, being on the campaign committee. He had by this time acquired a considerable reputation for ready speaking, founded largely on a speech in a judicial convention of 1870, which first gave him a name and place in Chicago politics. This speech possessed two of the more notable characteristics of his later manner, — audacity and humor. The convention which was to nominate a circuit judge had

been very vigorously opposed by the "Chicago Times," a paper in later years the property of Mr. Harrison. It was about to be "stampeded" by the friends of Lambert Tree, one of the candidates, when Harrison leaped to his feet and captured the instant attention of the delegates by his first words.

"This is a convention of disorganizers! This is a convention of revolutionists! This is a convention of bummers and scalawags!" he said; and then after waiting for a storm of hoots and hisses to subside, proceeded calmly: —

"Such is the language of the 'Chicago Times,' which has prevented the Central committee from calling a convention in the interest of Mr. Tree; and yet this convention is about to stultify itself and nominate the very man who, by himself or his friends, so stigmatizes it. If Mr. Tree, or some one authorized to speak for him, will agree to abide by the action of this convention, I can promise him three votes out of the four from my ward. If no guarantee be given, then this convention would stultify and disgrace itself by nominating him."

The effect of the speech was electrical. The convention sat silent, waiting for Tree or his representatives to respond; but no answer came, and in a moment Harrison offered the name of John G. Rogers as a candidate, and his nomination was made in the first ballot. In such happy strokes of audacity, Harrison excelled, and his reputation as an engaging off-hand political speaker was enhanced by the few

speeches he made in support of the "fireproof" ticket. Of the success of that ticket, there was never any doubt, and its election by a majority exceeding ten thousand was only the realization of a foregone conclusion. Harrison's own majority was 10,674.

December 4, 1871, one month after the election, the new board of county commissioners entered upon the duties of office. In the drawing of lots for terms of office, Harrison drew the longest term, — three years. He was assigned to the committees on finance, towns and town accounts, and education, the first two calling into play his admitted business sagacity. There was need for all the business ability in the board to meet the emergency of the time. In all the most important work of the board, Harrison took active part. He was chairman of the committee which arranged for county offices with the city in the old "rookery" at the corner of Adams and La Salle streets, — a structure which in later years became something like a feudal castle for his tenancy. He served on the committee which aided in the supervision of the distribution of relief funds. His clear-headed sense of right and propriety enabled him to make a notable record during his three years' incumbency of an office which involved an immense amount of hard routine work, and conferred in return no particular glory. He was one of three who voted against raising the pay of commissioners, and when his salary for three years' service was finally paid, he handed the entire amount to the officers of the

Foundlings' Home. By his own efforts he succeeded in shelving a resolution passed by the commissioners asking Congress to refund the money paid out by Cook County as bounties to enlisted men during war times. His service while on the county board was, in short, of such a character, that, when he aspired to another and a higher office, newspapers which were normally opposed to his school of political belief, referred to his public record in the most complimentary terms.

In the fall of 1872 Harrison was nominated for Congress by the Liberal Democrats, or "Greeleyites," of his district, the then second district, which included the greater part of the West Side. His opponent was Jasper D. Ward, an active Republican politician of the day. The campaign was spirited, the congressional nominees sharing in the popular excitement created by the presidential issue. Party lines were sadly torn. The "Chicago Tribune" deserted the Republican ticket, not only giving its support to Greeley, but to the Liberal Democratic congressional candidates as well. The "Times," for its part, broke away from Greeley and threw its influence on the side of the hopeless ticket of O'Conor and Adams, nominated by a Democratic convention at Louisville. In ordinary years the congressional district in which Harrison had been nominated was heavily Republican, and the serious dissension in the Democratic ranks gave him little hope of overcoming the normal adverse majority. Nevertheless, he made

a spirited campaign, speaking night after night on the issues of the day. Though the newspaper reports of the time show that he already enjoyed something of that great personal popularity for which in later days he was famous, the whole current of public sentiment was against his ticket, and election day ended with Ward winner by 3,309 votes.

There followed two years of routine service in the county board and in private business. They were years of great prosperity for Chicago, and Harrison soon found his affairs in such comfortable condition that he granted himself the luxury of a holiday, and in the spring of 1874 went abroad. His wife, with her three children, was then in Germany, having gone thither a year earlier for her health. The death in infancy of six out of nine of her children had greatly preyed upon her mind and impaired her health, and by the advice of her physician she was sent abroad. After a few months travel in Germany, Austria, and Switzerland, Harrison returned home and found the people of his district preparing to nominate him again for Congress.

The nomination was made October 6, 1874, in the convention of what was then called the People's party, but which was in effect the regular Democratic organization. Two other competitors appeared seeking the nomination, — Messrs. W. J. Onahan and S. S. Gardner; but on the first ballot Harrison was chosen. The campaign was hotly contested, Mr. Harrison having for his opponent the same gentleman who

had succeeded in defeating him two years earlier, Mr. Jasper D. Ward. A speech made by Harrison on the night of his nomination sets forth the issues of the campaign, and some extracts from it may be interesting to-day: —

"I am deeply grateful to you for the high compliment you have this day paid me, in choosing my name to be placed at the head of the ticket of the opposition party in the Second Congressional District of Illinois. This is an honor that would be grateful to me under any circumstances, but it is doubly grateful when I know that it has come to me wholly and entirely unsolicited. When I returned from a lengthened trip abroad with my family last month, I was not aware that my name had been mentioned in connection with this office during my absence. Going abroad for recreation and rest, I not only did not take the Chicago papers, but I did not even have my agent write to me on my own private affairs. I wanted rest, and therefore, gentlemen, when I came back I came back in total ignorance that I would probably be a candidate. When approached by my friends, I took the position at first that I could not go before the people. I had determined that I would never again be a candidate; not but that I am, as Mr. Caulfield said, one of those who believe that in a republican government every man owes a part of his services to his people when they demand it. And as such, when the people demanded it, I was compelled to consent. I therefore asserted that if I should be nominated by an untrammelled and unpledged convention, I would not have the courage to say nay.

"Gentlemen, a few days ago — the week before last — being called to Kentucky to the sick bed of my old mother, now fast verging upon her octogenarian years, and knowing that an illness at such great age might prove fatal, and that I should not be able to return, I felt it my duty to my

friends to notify some of them that I could not stand before you as a candidate. But, thanks to Providence, and to a strong constitution, I was enabled to see my mother better. I returned here four days since, and I found that my name was still used. I again said to my friends, 'If you nominate me, I will accept.' You have nominated me, gentlemen, and I accept the position and will do my best to secure success at the polls. If our end shall be attained, and I shall be sent to the Halls of Representatives in the American Congress I feel that if any fault is ever committed by me, I know it will be a fault of the head and not of the heart. I shall go to Congress living upon the adage, the motto, the resolution that I have long since made with myself, that in any position of public trust, any position of private trust, any position of trust at all, I would never think of my own interests, when the interests of those I was called to serve were in conflict before me. I would have no axes to grind for myself; I am a servant of the people, and as a servant of the people I will do nothing for my own interests; I will do all I can for yours.

"Gentlemen, so much of a personal character in this little speech of mine of acceptance. I shall hope that from now to the day of election, I will not have to say one word that appears egotistical. But I wish to say a few words, and only a few words, on the contest and the principles of the opposition party. I will not detain you by a lengthened address. My own ideas — my own views — agree largely with those of Mr. Caulfield; much of what he has said may be taken as an expression of my own views. But we are told that the opposition party has no principles. They say — Mr. Farwell said in an interview the other day — that in New York we were for hard money; in Ohio, we were for greenbacks; in Indiana, for neither one nor the other, and the Lord only knew what we were for in Illinois. Gentlemen, there is not a word of truth in it. We have the grandest principles that a people ever had when it was

endeavoring to throw off misrule and corruption. The same principles that actuated our forefathers, when they severed the bonds that bound them to Old England, are the principles of the opposition party. That was the resolution to have ourselves governed for the people's good, and not have ourselves governed for the governor's good. That is the great principle of our party. We may differ in our views; and the very difference is an evidence of the earnestness of the people to-day. We came together all over the United States, from the hill-tops, the mountain-sides, from the valleys and plains, with the determination as an opposition party to clean out the speculators and money-changers that have gone into the inner sanctum of our political temple. We intend to clean them out, and then we will see how best we may govern afterward. Had the old revolutionary fathers stopped to consider how they would make a new government, what would have become of them? Part were for a republic, part for a monarchy; the larger part for still living under English rule; but they said, 'We were oppressed, we will not stop to consider what shall be our future government; we will crush the oppression that is now put upon us, and afterward settle that question.' So a few years ago when the South came up, driven by men who, like the leaders of the Republican party to-day, were determined to rule or ruin, the people of the North were undetermined how to act. Some said, 'Look to the constitution;' others said, 'Free the negroes;' others said, 'Let it be a white man's war.' And the North, for weeks, months, — ay, for almost a year, — was paralyzed. The Southerner boasted that he would place the Confederate flag on the top of Bunker Hill Monument, and then when the people found that the union was in danger, they stopped their disputes about how they should do it, they went in and fought shoulder to shoulder, Democrat and Republican, and the union was saved. We are to-day the opposition party; we are like men on a tempest-tossed vessel; our

rudder is gone, our machinery is broken, our sails and masts are overboard, and our decks are cumbered with the cordage of corruption. Do you suppose the passengers on board such a ship should stop to dispute how they would go into port, whether it should be by steam or by rail? They would not do anything of the kind. First save the ship from sinking and get her into port, and then we will decide. It makes no difference how we may differ in our individual views. We say to the Republican party, 'You have had a control of the Congress of America unheard-of in the history of our country. You have been able for years to override a presidential veto; you have had the control of nearly all the State legislatures, and yet year after year we have had panics manipulated by head centres at Washington, for the purpose of making rich men grow richer, as they hardly exist in the old world, and grinding poor men into the dust, until they are as poor as those of our forefathers who came from the old world to make their fortunes.' Every panic we have had has widened the gulf between the rich and the poor; every panic we have had, every change in the value of stocks, only makes a few rich at the expense of the masses. The millions that Henry Clews has manipulated, that Vanderbilt manipulates, are all drawn from your and my pockets. We have had to suffer. We say to the Republican party, 'You have been monopolists, and incapables, and dishonest. You cannot manage the finances of the country.' We will get hold of them, and will put honest men in their places. We will right the finances, and we will have a safe and steady currency like that of specie payment of American wealth. We say to the Republican party, 'There is not a rebel soldier in the Southern States of America, for nine years there has not been a clash of arms, except by a few men that would do the same thing in any other country. And what have you done? You had an overwhelming majority; we save the union by the expenditure of our

treasure and our blood, and you with all this majority have so mismanaged the government that to-day we have a revolution in Louisiana, and the president of the American government puts one governor out of his position by bayonets and upholds another governor by the same means.' Say to the Republican party by your votes, 'You are incapable, you have not the honesty to do what is right, and therefore we will displace you. We will clean out the Augean stable and have a pure government, something like the one of which Washington and Jefferson were the heads.' Those great men in future will be almost worshipped as mythical heroes."

It required either a superb self-confidence or a strong sense of party obligation to persuade Carter Harrison to make this second race for Congress. Two years before he had been defeated in the same district by 3,309 votes. There was but little reason to hope that the complexion of the district had so greatly changed as to assure his success, although a certain growth of the Democratic forces was apparent. And the result showed that the task undertaken by the Democratic candidate was a perilous one; for after a prolonged campaign and a heavy vote he found himself elected by the slender majority of eight votes. Out of this narrow majority he came near being cheated by partisan tricksters, and in after years he often told the story of forcing his way into a polling-booth and forcing a recount of the ballots, with the result of discovering that fourteen which had been cast for him had been counted for his adversary. The honor thus narrowly won had

not been sought by him, and in after years he was frank to say that the duties it entailed he found distasteful. But at the time he looked eagerly forward to his entrance upon congressional activities. In December, 1874, his term as county commissioner ended, and in March, 1875, his family being still abroad, he betook himself to Washington to take his seat as a member of the Forty-fourth Congress.

CHAPTER V.

CONGRESSIONAL LIFE.

THE Congress in which Carter H. Harrison made his first appearance as a representative was in some respects a remarkable body. In the house of which he was a member were no less than sixteen men, who afterwards became senators of the United States, and one who became president. Garfield, Proctor Knott, Ben. Hill, L. Q. C. Lamar, S. S. Cox, Abram S. Hewitt, James G. Blaine, Samuel J. Randall, George F. Hoar, Eugene Hale, and N. P. Banks were among the more distinguished members of that notable representative gathering. Democratic in its general complexion, the house was nevertheless so narrowly divided between the parties that the session was one of keen interest. The growing strength of the Democratic party, which a few years earlier it was thought would never recuperate from the disaster of the war, gave inspiration to its members, and stimulated them to constant vigilance and ceaseless activity in Congress. Like most new members Harrison was forced for a time into the background. The only regular committee to which he was assigned was that on public buildings and grounds, which gave

but little scope to his activity. But the special committee on the Centennial Exposition and proposed national census of 1875, which it was at first believed would have but perfunctory duties to discharge, became a body of much importance as the merits of the centennial project grew upon the country. On this committee Carter Harrison did yeoman service.

In later days Harrison was used to speak with some indifference of his career in Congress. Committee work was never to his liking, and in comparison with the almost autocratic authority of the mayor's office, the position of a congressman must have seemed to him commonplace. Yet his was more than an ordinary record in the national legislature. He was no silent member. Not deterred by the impatience of the house, which is apt to keep new members off the floor, he entered actively into debate. The immediate interests of his constituents he defended on the floor of the house and in the committee rooms. In his first session he took up the case of that tract of land known in Chicago as the Lake Front, and begun the fight which ended in the confirmation of the city's title to it. Nor did he confine himself to measures of purely local interest. His proposition for an amendment to the Constitution providing for a six years' presidential term, and making the president ineligible to re-election, but *ex officio* a member of the United States Senate was hotly debated in the house, and, though failing of passage, started a discussion throughout the nation

which has hardly yet died out. As a member of the committee on the Centennial Exposition he strenuously urged a national appropriation in aid of that great enterprise, and defended himself against the bitter attacks of New York members of the house — who fought Philadelphia in 1876 as they fought Chicago in 1893 — in a rough and tumble debate which, as reported in the "Congressional Record," shows him to have been a master of verbal thrust and parry. The active part he took in the great Columbian Exposition in Chicago lends particular interest to his efforts in behalf of the Philadelphia Centennial almost twenty years earlier. His speech urging the appropriation is typical of his style of oratory, — always somewhat too ornate, but brimful of infectious enthusiasm. A brief quotation will suffice:

"Sir, they say it is unconstitutional. I could if I had time convince any man that it is according to the very spirit of the Constitution. Sir, the Constitution made our government. When it formed it, it made it with certain incidents of government, incidents which belong to nationality. A very incident of nationality is to preserve itself, to glorify itself among nations, to give expression to its pride of existence. One of these incidents is to nourish the heart of our people as we nourish its brain. Sir, what right under the Constitution had we to erect this magnificent pile here as the nation's capitol? Brick and mortar would have warmed us as well — would have protected us as well in summer and winter; but when we stand at the foot of this hill and look at yonder magnificent dome, cutting the blue vault of heaven with its rounded brow, we feel proud of the country, proud of the land of which it is

the type and emblem, and our citizens when they come here tell us not of any waste of money. Yet that dome cost many millions.

"Sir, what right had our forefathers to fill that panel there to the right of your chair with the picture of the Father of his Country? The right was incident to government, to erect statues and to paint pictures commemorating our glorious heroes, — men who gave their time and wasted their fortunes for our benefit. When sitting here and our minds are clouded with any ignoble thought, let us look at that calm face and remember that no sordid thought ever stained his mind, and then every grovelling desire will be exorcised from our heart. What right have we to put that picture, Mr. Chairman, to your left? He was the friend of America; there was no other right than the right incident to our nationality to reward this friend of our country, — a man who came here when we were struggling for independence, came in the name of his king. It stands there a *memoria technica* of international obligations. When in this Hall we feel disposed in our power to snatch from a weak sister republic her lands and appropriate them to ourselves, he stands there and bids us remember what we owe to foreigners. When in the greed and lust of party power we are asked to take advantage of the internecine strife of a sister government, when Spain is rocked by wars and we are asked to rob her of her brightest jewel, Lafayette stands there and tells us to remember our duty to those who have gone before us, and to remember that golden rule, 'We should do unto others as we would they should do unto us.'

"Mr. Chairman, we decorate the graves of our soldiers. Is it under the war power? Do the bones and ashes of our soldiers fight? No, sir; it is an incident of nationality itself. It is our duty, not simply our right; it is our duty to give a resting-place befitting the heroes who gave their lives for us. We do so at Gettysburg; and we are not told we are doing an unconstitutional thing.

"When Ireland was starving and stretched her meagre hand across the ocean and pleaded to America for bread, did we cry out, 'The Constitution prevents'? No, sir, we sent ships freighted with corn. And Ireland was grateful and happy.

"When the late Egyptian scourge came like a blighting cloud from the Rocky Mountains, sweeping from Nebraska and Kansas everything that was green, and the people in distress appealed to Congress for assistance, it gave them raiment and bread, and gave them seeds. Under the Constitution? No, sir. Oh, no! But under the right that belonged to us as an incident of nationality, believing that we were made in the image of the Eternal Jehovah, to be kind and generous to those who were cast in the like mould with ourselves."

It was in the forty-fifth Congress, too, that Carter Harrison earned the reputation of being the humorist of the House of Representatives, — a reputation which he bitterly deplored, and of which he systematically sought to free himself by steadfastly refraining from any avowedly humorous speaking after the one luckless but effective specch, which won for him the undesired fame. Many who in later years, heard Harrison referred to as the savior of the Marine Band have wondered how he won the title. Probably he himself at times vaguely marvelled at the inspiration which prompted him to rush to the defence of that ornamental institution, and at the complete success of his efforts. It was in the spring of 1876, and a Democratic committee, with economy before their eyes, had reported to Congress a naval appropriation bill with the usual appropriation for the

support of the marine band omitted. Sudden impulse drew Representative Harrison to the rescue of the band, which had for fifteen years been a picturesque and popular feature of Washington. Always rather a lover of pageantry, he had probably been impressed by the spectacular part the band took in the rather colorless ceremonies at Washington. Doubtless, too, the great outpouring of the people of Washington to listen to the afternoon concerts on the White House lawn had touched his ever-active human sympathies.

The speech which he delivered in defence of the band, and which turned the day in its favor is his most famous public utterance. For years the memory of it was cherished at Washington, and it ranks with Proctor Knott's celebrated panegyric on Duluth among the humorous masterpieces of the House of Representatives. Though it loses much of its flavor when robbed of the inimitable manner of the speaker, the Marine Band speech merits place in a volume devoted to the memorable achievements of Carter H. Harrison. Its full text, with the running fire of interruptions and retorts which lent it added piquancy, is as follows: —

"Mr. Chairman, I rise to oppose a feature of the amendment which the gentleman from Alabama thinks is not an important one; it being, at any rate, one to which he has paid no attention in his remarks. It is that part which strikes at the Marine Band, which proposes to abolish this band. I oppose that part of the amendment from two motives, one purely æsthetic, and the other purely selfish

If I had time I would like to dwell on the first motive. I would like to tell how in olden times, at Athens, those grand people considered music one of the great educators of youth; how wise fathers regularly carried their children to places where they could listen to the finest music; how they thought it not only ennobled the heart and purified the soul, but through them beautified the body. I would like to descant upon the beauty of the Athenian maid, the product of music, who stood in her naked loveliness before Praxiteles; and how the shapeless mass of Parian marble burst into the Venus de Medici. I would like to dwell upon the manly beauty of the young hero who stood before Phidias, and how his image sprang from the soulless marble into the godlike Apollo Belvedere. I would like to prove that the beauty of the models for these *chefs-d'œuvre* was due in a great measure to music. But, sir, I have not the time. So I will pass by this first motive, and shall confine my remarks to the other; especially as it will come home to the gentlemen on my side of the House more readily.

"Mr. Chairman, for fifteen long dreary years at the other end of Pennsylvania Avenue the White House has been occupied by a Republican, and during the winter months, of evenings, the Marine Band has been up there at receptions to discourse sweet music for the delectation of a Republican president, and for the delectation of his Republican friends. At every reception a Republican president has stood in a certain room receiving his guests, and his pet Republican friends, in white vests and white cravats, have stood behind him enjoying the dulcet tones poured forth from the silver throats of silvered instruments by twenty-four gentlemen in scarlet coats. For long years, of summer Saturday afternoons, twenty-four gentlemen in scarlet coats have caused twenty-four silvered instruments, on the green in front of the White House, to belch forth martial music for the delectation of a Republican president, and for the delectation of his Republican friends.

"On the 4th of next March, sir, there will be a Democratic president in the White House. Sir, is the Democratic president to have no music? I have been up there at a presidential reception. I went in and I saw my friends from the other side enjoying the music. I went through a crowd of Republicans with one hand on my watch-fob and the other on my wallet. I caught now and then the notes of the music, but I could not enjoy it. I was as a stranger in a strange land. I felt that I was one too many. But next year, sir, it will be different.

"Mr. MILLIKEN. They will have their hands on their watch-fobs then.

"Mr. HARRISON. Very good; but we will be enjoying the music. Why, sir, the other Saturday evening I was out in front of the White House among the *canaille*, the *sans culottes*, the men and children without breeches and shoes.

"Mr. TOWNSEND (of New York). Was it a Democratic meeting?

"Mr. HARRISON. And there, on the south portico, sat the Chief Magistrate, the Republican president, with his feet on the balustrade and his Partaga in his mouth, listening to the Marine Band. His Republican friends were about him. Their feet were on the balustrade of the south portico, wreaths of blue smoke curled up in balmy deliciousness from Partagas fresh from the Flowery Isle. I shook a mental fist in their mental faces, and whispered to myself that every dog had his day, and I asked myself, 'Shall this be ever thusly?' And from deep down in my heart came a reply, 'No! No! never!' I will see a Democratic president in the White House. He shall receive his friends to the music of twenty-four silvered instruments, filled with the breath of twenty-four gentlemen in scarlet coats. The Marine Band shall play true Democratic music for a Democratic president, and out there on that south portico, I want to see a Democratic president sitting with his feet on the balustrade listening to the music poured forth by

the Marine Band, and I hope to be one of his friends; and I will sit there with my feet on the balustrade enjoying one of his Partagas. But they wish to abolish the Marine Band. Think of this being done, Democrats, before the Democratic president goes into his position. We have many men who we feel are fit to fill that position. In my mind's eye I see them now marching on from St. Louis to the White House. Let me name them as they come in sight. They come first from the East.

"Why, there is one from the great Empire State (Governor Tilden), who we know is greater than Alexander was, for Alexander only cut the Gordian knot with his sword; but the Gordian knot was made of nothing but a hempen string; but this man with his fist smashed a ring of adamantine steel, cut and destroyed the canal ring. He may be in the position, sir, and I want the Marine Band there to give him music. He is a man of purity, ay, of virginal purity. Perhaps he may wish to lead a bride into the White House. Shall we say the Marine Band shall not play for him the wedding march? Shall we refuse to let the Marine Band fill with sweet music the bridal chamber? Not by my vote. Never, sir! NEVER! NEVER!"

(Here the hammer fell amid loud cries of "Go on! Go on!")

"The CHAIRMAN. Is there objection to the gentleman from Illinois proceeding?

"Mr. LEWIS. I must object. (Cries of 'Oh, no! Oh, no!')

"Mr. KASSON. I move to strike out the last word, and yield my time to the gentleman from Illinois.

"Mr. HARRISON. We have other men. There may be one from a smaller State (Senator Bayard) who would grace the presidential chair as it has not been graced for long, long years past; one who in character as in name resembles the peerless knight who was *sans peur at sans reproche.* Sir, this almost faultless man may be there.

Are you to deny him music from the Marine Band? Never, sir! NEVER! NEVER! I will never consent by my vote.

"We have them from Western States —

"Mr. KELLEY. Bill Allen.

"Mr. HARRISON. From the Buckeye State one, — a man who, at the other end of the Capitol (Senator Thurman), never speaks but he utters words of wisdom, — who is ready on every subject and makes no mistakes. Are we to have no music for him other than that which he himself gives forth from a nasal instrument in his own red bandanna? No, sir; never! NEVER! NEVER!

"Sir, we have a man from the Hoosier State, the old Democratic war-horse (Governor Hendricks), a great Democratic leader, who, they say, is a little of a trimmer. If he is ever a trimmer or appears to be a trimmer, it is because his mind is so round that he sees both sides of a question, and does not go wildly off on either side. He may be in that position, and I may be his friend in the White House. Shall he have no music from the Marine Band? Never by my vote! NEVER! NEVER!

"From my own State, Mr. Chairman, there is a man who would fill the chair as it never was filled (Judge Davis); not a single inch of it will not be filled; a great man in law and a great man in politics, who, if president, would never give a wrong decision; one against whom not a word can be said. When, sir, I shall come down from Illinois to be at his inaugural, to receive him at the White House, shall we have no music to aid him in tripping the light fantastic toe? Never, sir, by my vote will I consent to that; never! NEVER! NEVER!

"Sir, there is another still; there is one from your own Keystone State, great in arms (General Hancock); great as a civilian; a man who, if he had not been a great general, would have been talked of for his great civil acquirements. He may be there and he will wish to have some memories of the past brought to his mind by martial music. Is it to

be denied him? Shall the Marine Band be refused to him? Not by my vote; never! NEVER! NEVER!

"Then, sir, there is still another, the Great Unknown of the Democratic party.

"A MEMBER. Parker?

"Mr. HARRISON. No, sir; I will call no names. He is all around in the Democratic party. It is full of the Great Unknown.

"Mr. WILLARD. The great unknowing?

"Mr. MILLIKEN. I suppose that delicacy prevents the gentleman from naming him.

"Mr. HARRISON. Yes, sir; delicacy and modesty forbids me calling names. Sir, when the Great Unknown gets here, shall he have no music; shall no tunes come from those twenty-four silver-throated instruments, blown out by those twenty-four gentlemen in red coats, to welcome him to the White House? Shall we have no music when we introduce him to the American people? Not by my vote. No, sir; never! NEVER! NEVER!"

The address saved the Marine Band, but it installed its author in the profitless post of the house jester. His reputation for wit was enhanced by a post-prandial discourse delivered not long after, before the Philadelphia Chamber of Commerce, in which he introduced himself as the congressional representative of a district which raised more wheat than any two States in the Union, — raised it in elevators. When in the succeeding sessions of Congress he came to take active part in debates on the currency, on the Hayes–Tilden electoral commission, on the Hennepin canal, and on the navigation laws, he found that he had an unprofitable reputation for flippancy to live down.

Sephaniska Preston Harrison

Nomination and re-election to Congress came to him at the end of his first term as a matter of course, and almost without effort on his part. Though his district was still close, the extremely narrow majority by which he won his first seat in the house was very materially increased. In opposition to him, the Republicans nominated Mr. George R. Davis, already a leading figure in the Republican party of Chicago, and in later years its absolute ruler. But despite the notable political strength of his opponent, Harrison was returned by a majority of 642 votes. At the time of the election he was abroad, summoned thither by the sudden death of his wife, who with his children was sojourning in Germany. The blow fell heavily upon him, — the more so, since it was dealt in a way which added cruel suspense to the sorrow of bereavement. He was in Chicago, expecting daily a cable message announcing the starting of his family for home, when he received the ominous despatch "Come." Starting at once, he made the long journey only to find at the end that his wife had died within a few days of his departure. He remained but a brief time abroad, and returning, threw himself into political work with the energy which only desire to seek refuge from sorrow could give.

When he returned to Washington after his re-election, it was to enter upon what was undoubtedly the most exciting session of the house since the days of Civil War. For the first time in the annals of

the nation, the result of the presidential election was in such grave doubt that the interposition of a special tribunal was necessary to secure the seating of either candidate. The story of the contested election of 1876, the electoral commission, the Louisiana returning-board, the rejection of Samuel J. Tilden, and the inauguration of Rutherford B. Hayes, is familiar to most Americans. The events are of too recent occurrence to need rehearsal here. The part of Carter Harrison in the proceedings in the house, though not conspicuous, was that of a sincere and loyal Democrat. It was the part too of an earnest and conscientious patriot, for at a time when, had hot-heads ruled, civil war might have ensued, he counselled moderation, peaceful methods, and orderly procedure. No man was ever more fully convinced that injustice was finally done to Mr. Tilden than he, yet none accepted the result with more complete resignation. When the commission, in defiance of its earlier expressed intention, announced its purpose to go behind the returns in the Louisiana election Mr. Harrison shrewdly foresaw the end, and gave up hope. With quiet humor he used to tell in later days, of having met James A. Garfield on the steps of the Capitol at that critical moment, and having reproached him with the unjustness of his party's action. "Carter, if you had the cards would n't you play them?" was the cynical response of the Republican leader.

When the forty-fifth Congress assembled, Harri-

son, no longer a new member, was one of the most active representatives on the floor. He spoke readily and often, showing particular interest in currency legislation, and in debates touching upon the right of Congress to make appropriations for internal improvements. Though always affiliating with the Democratic party, and characterized by the truest democracy of thought and manner, he did not hold to the strict Democratic doctrine of opposing federal expenditures for internal improvements. A plan such as a great ship canal, or liberal expenditures for improving navigable rivers, always appealed to him, and found in him an active and able supporter. The so-called Hennepin canal project, which had in contemplation the digging of a ship canal from Lake Michigan at Chicago, to the Illinois River, thus providing navigable connection between the Great Lakes and the Gulf of Mexico, enlisted his heartiest efforts. No subject which came under his immediate consideration while he was in Congress so wholly engrossed his attention. His work in committee room and on the floor of the house in urging a large appropriation toward the canal was unremitting, and at one time seemed likely to be crowned with complete success. It was in his second and last term that, after untiring efforts, he succeeded in convincing a majority of the Committee on Rivers and Harbors of the merit of the proposition, and the propriety of government aid to an enterprise which, though the canal was wholly within the borders of

a single State, was certainly of national importance. A favorable report was assured, but when it was in course of preparation a member of the committee in sympathy with the project died, and the report was never made. In the course of a long and logical speech, urging the appropriation, made in May, 1878, when the speaker thought success was within his grasp, he said: —

"Sir, the Mississippi and its navigable feeders give a water line of nearly twelve thousand miles. They water soil capable of producing nearly every fruit and grain known to the world. The lakes have a shore line of five thousand miles. Every foot of that shore line except on Lake Superior is as rich as the valleys of Judea, the home of God's chosen people. The rugged shores of Superior are solid with minerals as pure as the product of the furnace.

"Mr. Speaker, all of this vast inland sea-board can be brought into union by a canal thirty-six miles long, and yet our statesmen ask, is it national?

"Sir, look again at the railroads entering at the mouth of this canal. Fourteen different roads, whose arms reach over and through all of the grain-fields of the Northwest, enter at Chicago. One can read on the sides of cars any day within her limits the names of nearly every railroad corporation of this northern continent.

"All of the fourteen roads entering in Chicago, whose connections are like the nerves of the body, leading to every extremity of the republic, unite, and their rolling stock is freely transferred from one to another. They all run into a common stock-yard. They all run into the great lumber yards. They all lie along the huge grain elevators, many of which have storage for over a million bushels each. These elevators handle a car-load of grain as readily as a man can a bushel-measure. Deep water washes their walls.

A car-load of wheat is lifted on one side and poured into the ship's hold on the other. Thirty thousand bushels are thus poured into the vessel's hold, so that she can arrive and depart between the rising and the setting of a single day's sun.

"At an expense of a few millions of money, the Mississippi steamer can be enabled to lie against these elevators, or at the piers of a huge lumber yard, and after unloading upon the lake ships the produce of the far West or the extreme South, she can steam to Upper Missouri, laden with lumber or ready made houses, or to New Orleans with grain and pork, and the minerals of the Superior to be poured into an ocean-bound argosy. A vast trade would thus, Mr. Speaker, be divorced from the more costly railroad transportation. Corporations would be brought to assume the semblance of having souls, though they possessed none."

The interest of Mr. Harrison in this canal project, which is still, despite the antagonism of railroad corporations and sectional jealousies, a living issue in Illinois, did not die with the close of his congressional career. In 1883, as member of a special committee of the Iroquois Club of Chicago, he wrote a formal memorial to the United States Senate and House of Representatives praying for a proper appropriation for the construction of the canal. Throughout his life, whenever occasion offered, he did his best with voice and pen to further a public work which he was convinced would be of inestimable benefit, not to Chicago and Illinois alone, but to the producers and consumers of the whole Mississippi Valley.

In the currency debates which took up so great a share of the attention of Congress in 1878, Harrison took active part. He was a bimetallist from firm conviction, and in the time when silver was struck down, fought for its retention as a money metal. In one set speech he outlined the policy of bimetallism with notable clearness, and in the running fire of argument and retort in the house day after day he defended his position manfully. It is worthy of note here that in later days when he became the owner and editor of the "Chicago Times," his first action was to change that journal's policy from that of a preacher of gold monometallism to championship of the free coinage of silver. It is improbable that the district which Mr. Harrison represented in Congress held the views upon the currency question which he avowed, for the urban communities at the North are usually wedded to the single gold standard. His action in Congress was rather an expression of his individual opinions than any reflection of the sentiment of the constituency he represented. Another question of but slender interest to his own constituency enlisted his heartiest interest. In his travels abroad, travels pursued in every leisure season he had enjoyed since early youth, he had noted the gradual disappearance of the American flag from the ports of the world. Always a man of most robust Americanism, he was mortified by the slight participation of his countrymen in the carrying trade of the world. The sentiment of a free flag on free

ships appealed to him strongly. Though, as we have already noted, a protectionist of the Henry Clay school, he repudiated and condemned the principle of sacrificing the carrying trade of the United States in order to protect a few ship-yards on the Delaware. The bill for free ships which he introduced into the forty-fifth Congress, and the speech with which he supported it, might serve for a text-book upon the question to-day. Too long for quotation in full, too homogeneous to admit of effective extracts being made, it must be dismissed with a mere mention. It was a losing fight of course. A Republican president and a Republican senate would have given short shrift to this piece of radical Democratic legislation, even had it passed the house. And the house to which it was presented was not made up of the free-trade Democrats of later days. The Hon. Samuel J. Randall and his following were in power there, and so it happened that beyond creating very wide popular discussion, and perhaps sowing some seeds of thought which may come to fruition in future, Representative Harrison's free ship bill accomplished nothing.

One other measure with which Harrison was identified merits particular mention. Recognizing, as many before and since have done, the injury to the business and prosperity of the nation wrought by the frequent national elections, he introduced a bill proposing a constitutional amendment fixing the presidential term at six years and making outgoing

presidents ineligible to re-election, but giving them seats for life in the United States Senate with the privilege of joining in debate but without a vote. Amendments to the Constitution of the United States are not made except under pressure of extraordinary popular excitement. Representative Harrison's plan met the fate which was to have been expected. But it was ably urged by him and widely discussed in the American press. It fitted in with a certain popular conviction that the turmoil of a presidential election every four years is neither beneficial nor intelligent. Though there was not sufficiently vigorous public opinion in behalf of the proposition to force through the almost impossible project of amending the constitution, there was enough to gain for the measure and its author the widest commendation.

One incident in Harrison's congressional career won him wide-spread reputation, first as an able parliamentary fighter, and later as a man whom no consideration of personal friendship could divert from the pursuit and punishment of wrong. It was an incident which would hardly have created a ripple in any other country than the United States, and which indeed, could probably have not occurred in any national legislature other than our own Congress. In the second session of the forty-fifth Congress, the charge was made that the doorkeeper of the house was carrying upon his payrolls, the names of more employés than he was by law entitled to, or indeed than were actually employed. In the United

States Congress, the doorkeeper of the house, despite his modest title, is a very considerable functionary. Always a member of the dominant party, the perquisites and the patronage attaching to his position are so great that there is ordinarily a sharp struggle for the appointment, and the fortunate winner is ordinarily a man of wide political influence and almost national reputation. In 1878, John W. Polk held this position. He was a man of great personal popularity, and was upon terms of some intimacy with Harrison, who had urged his selection. But in his effort to reward all the Congressmen who had given him their support, by placing their constituents upon his staff, Polk exceeded all lawful limits, and his payrolls soon became a scandal notorious to the house. Early in the session a resolution directing the Committee on Civil Service Reform to make an investigation of the conduct of the doorkeeper passed the house. Of that committee Mr. Harrison was chairman. He speedily found that in accordance with the time-honored custom of partisans in Congress, the Democrats in the committee were prepared to exonerate their accused fellow-Democrat, to "whitewash" him, as the political phrase has it. Against this plan of action the Chicago congressman fought bitterly. Taking charge of the case himself, he brought into the committee room so great a mass of testimony that the members were convinced against their will, and a majority of them united with the chairman

in a report recommending the discharge of the offending doorkeeper.

Armed with this report, Harrison returned to the house only to find the struggle there more arduous than it had been in the committee. A strong minority "whitewashing" report was presented to the house, and with this the friends of the culprit rallied to his support. The storm — which at this late day seems like a tempest in a teapot, but which was really a significant struggle for an early application of civil service reform principles — raged for several days. The debate on the floor of the house was always lively, sometimes acrimonious. The formal speech in which Harrison set forth the case of the prosecution was a telling piece of rhetoric, but less brilliant than the swift fence of retort and argument with which he met the attacks of hostile members, most of them of his own party, and many his warm personal friends. He based his whole attack on the accused official upon the Democratic platform declaration for civil-service reform. His argument and his criticism are crystallized into this one paragraph from his speech: —

"Mr. Polk is a kind man, sir. I will say here in my place that when I went into that committee I went in with the resolution, if possible, to save Mr. Polk. I was desirous of saving him. I wanted to be not only fair, but I leaned toward the employé of my party. I had voted for him, not only on this floor but in caucus. He was my candidate. I was friendly disposed toward him. But Mr. Polk has employed men outside of the law, making a law to him-

self, disregarding the law. The Democratic party has pledged itself by its platform to civil-service reform, and are they going to the country to tell it that our pledge and our platform was but a promise to be broken; that we will punish a Republican for guilt or wrong, but we will spread whitewash over our own friends? I do not believe it; I never have believed it. If the party does that I am not one of them. I am not schooled in the whitewash business. I read our platform as an honest expression of my party; I read it as an honest promise to the people, a promise to be fulfilled to the letter, and I will do what I can to fulfil that promise, whether it be a Democrat or a Republican who gets hit, whether the wrong-doer be high or low. Never while I am a member of this body will I consent to cover up or overlook violation of law in any officer of the law."

Against the evidence which Harrison had collected, and the force of his arguments, the mere devotion of personal friends to Polk could make no stand. After three days' debate the resolution of dismissal was adopted. Not a very extraordinary triumph, the business man to whom "stuffed" pay-rolls are an unpardonable offence will say, but still one which the public man familiar with congressional methods and practices will recognize as a notable achievement. Precedents are made quickly in the House of Representatives. To-day an official, guilty as Polk was guilty, would resign rather than brave investigation and certain dismissal. That this is the case is largely due to Harrison's stubborn fight for right in 1878. He overthrew the precedent which then obtained, and set a new one, probably for all time.

With the close of his second term in Congress, in 1878, Carter Harrison retired from the national legislature, declining to be a candidate for re-election. In the spring of 1879 he was elected mayor of Chicago, and began that long career as chief executive of a great and peculiarly characteristic city, in which he won his most enduring laurels. Of his congressional career it is enough to say that, beside doing his full duty to his constituents, he won prominent place and national reputation in a legislative body in which only men of strong intellectual characteristics can ever push themselves to the front. But however successful his efforts in the house may have been, the task was not at all to his liking. In later years, while filling the mayor's office, he was offered a congressional nomination in the third district, under conditions which assured his election, — an offer which he declined promptly and without regret.

CHAPTER VI.

THE MAYORALTY.

RETURNING home upon the adjournment of Congress, Harrison was greeted with an enthusiasm which testified to the hold he had retained upon the people despite his long absence at the capital. There was a public reception at his home on Ashland Avenue, — a forerunner of the many political rallies which that spacious mansion with its broad lawn was to see. Speaking in response to the congratulations of his friends, he gave a brief outline of his course in Congress and of the political principles which animated him. The reception, though wholly non-partisan was the precursor of the mayoralty campaign in which Harrison was to be a candidate. Before his return from Washington, his friends had been urging his eminent fitness for the post of chief executive of the city, and by the time he reached the city his nomination was generally conceded. Municipal politics in Chicago at that day were decidedly complicated, — as indeed they have been ever since. Harrison's first nomination for mayor was at the hands of the "greenback-labor" party, although he had never espoused the radical financial theories

which formed the corner stone of that party's political structure. Indeed his lack of avowed adhesion to the greenback doctrine coupled with his shrewd and stubborn refusal to accept or refuse the nomination, or to discuss it in any way until after the Democratic convention should have been held, created a revulsion of feeling among the Greenbackers themselves, and for a week dire threats of rebellion against the candidate whom they had put forward filled the political atmosphere; but on March 15 the regular Democratic convention met and chose Harrison for its mayoralty candidate. The other candidates before the convention were Murray F. Tuley and George L. Dunlap, both men who in later years attained high standing in the community. To Chicagoans familiar with the proportions of more recent city conventions, it will be interesting to note that this one in 1879 seated but sixty-eight delegates. Of these thirty-eight gave their votes on the first ballot to Harrison.

At the time of the convention the nominee was out of the city. A few days later, however, returning to Chicago, he addressed a committee of representative Democrats accepting the nomination in thoroughly characteristic fashion. He had not desired the nomination, he said, — a statement which must be classed as disingenuous in the light of his dalliance with the Greenbackers. But having been nominated, he thought he would be elected by the votes of Democrats, Greenbackers, Nationalists, and

"good Republicans." For the press he had a characteristic word of defiance, and he closed by assuring his hearers that he was no politician, and that if they desired his election they must do the work necessary to accomplish it. The campaign was a short one of little more than two weeks. Two rivals to Mr. Harrison were in the field, A. M. Wright, a well-known merchant, who represented the Republican party, and Ernst Schmidt, a German physician, who headed the Socialistic labor ticket. Though the latter candidate drew very largely from the normal Democratic following, Harrison won by a substantial plurality, his vote being 25,685, to 20,496 for Wright, and 11,829 for Schmidt.

On the 28th of April, 1879, Mayor Harrison was inaugurated with the usual ceremonies, Mayor Heath retiring. The new mayor's inaugural address, the first of a long series he was destined to deliver, was, with some slight elisions as follows: —

"*Gentlemen of the Council,* — The welfare of nearly 500,000 people depends to a great extent upon the manner in which you may during the next twelve months discharge your official duties. A city sprung into existence within your own memory, but already the third in population and in commercial importance, ranking among the ten leading cities of the world, will have its growth and progress more or less advanced or retarded by your action. Its citizens have within the past eight years struggled under difficulties sufficient to paralyze any other people. These difficulties with them have only called forth unexampled energy. They know not how to despair.

"Rising from the ashes of two conflagrations unequalled

in the past, Chicago and her people, burdened by an enormous debt, were at once confronted by a financial revolution which has disturbed the social foundations of nations. Labor has struggled for bread and has often been forced to go without sufficient food. Real estate, the foundation of wealth, which furnishes four-fifths of the city's revenues, has been laid under a heavy load of taxation. Rents being low and sales practically impossible, land has been unable to meet the obligations. Taxation locks up money in the hands of the money dealer where it escapes the eye of the collector, thus forcing legitimate enterprise to bear an unequal burden. This stifles energy, deters investment, and will, unless checked, dry up the sources of revenue. Chicago expects you to give her relief.

"On me, gentlemen, devolves the duty and responsibility of carrying out your will. I accept the responsibility with diffidence, and shall endeavor to perform the duty with an eye single to the good of the public. I have but one policy to declare: that is to protect the lives, the property and health of the city at all times and in every emergency, and to do it in an honest and economical manner. I recognize but one science in finance. That is to collect the revenues and to live within them. Debts can be wiped out in but one way, — payment. Surplus can be acquired only by saving; saving can be made only by honest expenditures for wise and legitimate purposes and by preventing all leakage. Life and property in cities are protected by the police. A corrupt police is a gnawing cancer. The citizen lying down at night should not only be protected but should feel secure. Apprehension of a fancied danger is as disquieting as that of a real one. I shall endeavor as far as may be possible in my short term to make the police department brave, honest, and efficient. Ours is a cosmopolitan people aggregated from many nationalities within a little more than one generation of man. Each of the several elements has its own ideas of social and religious

life — its own civilization. They have one bond of union — devotion to Republican institutions and energy in pursuit of fortune. Each should study to accommodate itself as much as possible to the social life and prejudices of each of the others and of the whole. For any one to attempt to make a Procrustean bed to which the others should be forced to fit would be both dangerous and unwise. Time alone can make them all homogeneous.

"The constitution of the land guarantees to all citizens the right to peaceably assemble, to petition for redress of grievances. This carries the right to free discussion. It also guarantees the people the right to keep and bear arms. But it does not give to any one the right to threaten or to resist lawful authority. The genius of our institutions rests on law. To it and to its officers all good citizens should appeal for protection. I will protect all in their lawful rights. Some fear an organized resistance to authority in Chicago. I do not. I do not believe that there is in our midst any considerable body of men mad enough to attempt such folly, for they must know they would be but as chaff, compared to the solid masses who love our institutions and are determined that law and order shall reign. If, however, there be any so ignorant as to think differently, so rash as to attempt violence, they will quickly find that they have made a fatal blunder. Our honest citizens and brave police can and will protect the city."

The final paragraph of the foregoing message had reference to the sentiment for armed resistance to law then existing among certain of the more radical labor organizations in the city. This sentiment, which in later days culminated in the throwing of the bomb in the Haymarket, at this time took the form of organized armed military companies, without responsibility to the State, which drilled by night

in the streets, and were held by the more timid citizens to portend a coming revolution. How Carter Harrison met this peril will be described later. It never amounted to a serious menace to the sovereignty of law and was very justly characterized in his words quoted above.

The financial question to which he adverted in this first message was, however, more serious. He found the city penniless and estopped from borrowing money by constitutional limitations. In a message to the common council a few weeks after his inauguration, he described the financial situation briefly but comprehensively as follows: —

"When I entered upon the duties of this office, I found the city without money to defray current expenses, and, though having a boundless credit, yet constitutionally prohibited from borrowing a dollar. Its only resource was to issue non-interest bearing warrants upon the taxes to be collected. I found that this enforced upon the city, directly or indirectly, an annual loss of about $200,000. There seemed to be but one way to escape a continuance of this loss, which was to make an annual saving for several years. My predecessor had, wisely, during the past year restricted expenditures to within eighty-five per cent of the several appropriations. I resolved to imitate his example, though I knew it to be a more difficult matter from the fact that four months of the year had been run on a basis of ninety per cent instead of eighty-five. I gave orders to the several departments in accordance with this resolution. On the first of June I found that a law had been hurriedly passed, restricting the issuance of warrants or scrip to seventy-five per cent of the tax levy. The corporation counsel consulted with several leading lawyers,

and gave me his opinion that this limitation operated upon the entire year of 1879. A law had also been passed to restrict the tax levy hereafter to two per cent, exclusive of a levy for the payment of bonds or the interest thereon. The last valuation in Chicago was in round numbers, $130,000,000. On this a levy of 2.86 per cent realized $3,777,000. Of this, fifty-one per cent was for interest; the remaining 2.35 was for general purposes. This brings in about $3,100,000. Hereafter, the valuation remaining the same, we will be able to raise only $2,620,000, and will be able to issue scrip to only seventy-five per cent of the levy."

Out of this desperate condition of the city's finances grew a dissension with the fire marshal of the city, Matthew Benner, a man of ability and wide influence and one whom, personally, the mayor highly esteemed. Pursuant to his determination to reduce all municipal expenditures, the mayor ordered heavy cuts in the estimates for both the fire and police departments. The chief of the former department failed to give his earnest co-operation to the mayor's policy. There was an interchange of formal orders and evasive or defiant replies, and finally, after having in vain asked for his subordinate's resignation, Mayor Harrison summarily removed him. Though entirely within the scope of the mayor's authority, the act was a bold one. A certain element of romance in the fireman's calling makes the fire marshal in almost every great city a public hero. Chicago was, and still is, no exception to the rule, and the deposed chief was perhaps

more widely, personally popular than any other who ever filled the post. His dismissal awakened a storm of protestation and abuse from politicians, the press and a great part of the people. The common council, to whom the mayor presented a report of his action and the reasons impelling him to take it, formally disapproved of the removal. But out of the tempest gradually grew conviction that the mayor had been right, that he had sacrificed a personal friendship in his determination to bring the city's expenditures within the city's receipts, and, as the removal of Benner was the first step in what proved to be a systematic and effective plan for wholly purging the fire department of politics, public opinion veered round to the mayor's side. In later years the achievement of Mayor Harrison for which the greatest credit was allowed him by even his enemies was his masterly reform of the fire department, by which it was brought to its present high state of efficiency.

It will be proper at this point to consider the further measures of economy which Mayor Harrison put in force during his first term of office and of their effects upon the finances of the city. Despite the evidence of firmness he had given in dealing with Benner, the council still continued in opposition to his wish to keep the city's expenditures well within its revenues. The first clash occurred when the general appropriation bill of March, 1880, was returned to the council without the mayor's signature. By the

ordinance appropriations to the amount of $4,055,381 were made. The mayor returned it with objections to certain items, which being stricken out accomplished a saving of more than $80,000. In the message with which he accompanied the measure on its return, the mayor indignantly reproached the council for having sought to reappropriate some of the funds which he had saved and intended to apply to the payment and retirement of scrip. Though there ensued the usual struggle in the council, Mayor Harrison carried his point. But a Chicago council, is quick to forget the lesson of economy, however thoroughly it may be taught. A year later, when the appropriation bill for 1881 was sent to the mayor, he returned it with notice of his non-concurrence in certain of the items, which he declared extravagant. Less success attended his efforts on this occasion, however, for after twice returning the ordinance unsigned, he suffered the mortification of seeing it passed over his veto. In the midst of the struggle over this appropriations ordinance, came the municipal election by which he was again chosen mayor. The annual, or inaugural message with which he greeted the common council at the beginning of his second term, announced the result of his policy of firm economy, and showed how much he had been able to accomplish despite the antagonism of the council. In 1878, the last year of his predecessor's term, city scrip to the amount of $2,238,000 had been issued. Upon this the city lost, through the

higher prices contractors charged because of being paid in scrip, from $150,000 to $200,000 a year, while city employees who were paid in it, were obliged to pass it at a discount of from five to ten per cent. In his first year, Mayor Harrison reduced the issue of scrip to less than $1,500,000, and in his second to less than $590,000. Nor was this all. The interest coupons on outstanding city bonds, which in prior years had been hypothecated, were during his term paid on maturity. Over $700,000 of maturing obligations were paid off, and over $1,200,000 refunded at a saving to the city of nearly $55,000 in annual interest, while the sinking fund which had become depleted during the years of bankruptcy was restored to its proper proportions. Upon this record of successful financiering Mayor Harrison built the reputation for ability as a "business mayor" which for years afterwards gave him the active support of large tax-payers without regard to their political affiliations.

The duties of a mayor of Chicago comprehend a multiplicity of little things. His attention is directed constantly to matters which, if judged by national standards, are trivial, but which to the people of the city he serves are of vast importance. He is engaged in a constant struggle with great corporations which are ever seeking to invade the people's rights, and generally find means to make the members of the common council join them in the attack. The eight years during which Carter Harri-

son held the mayoralty of Chicago, were a period of great development in the railroad systems making Chicago a focal point. Much of his time was given over to struggles with railroads seeking rights of way into the heart of the city, and careless of the people's rights in the premises.

The Eastern or foreign visitor to Chicago to-day cannot fail to be impressed with the extent to which the railroads dominate the city. From the South, West, and North, their iron highways enter the city and push on to its very business centre. With a single exception their rails are all laid at grade, and street-cars, wagons, carriages, and pedestrians, on a score or more of streets, go to and fro across the busy tracks with a sacrifice, according to recent statistics, of an average of two human lives a day to the grade-crossing evil. Whole streets have been given up by venal councils to railroads, without any just return to the public. Whole districts have been so walled in by broad rights of way and yards, that they have been made wholly untenable for residence purposes, and suitable only for the heavier kind of manufacturing.

To the practice of yielding up the people's rights to the railroads without due return, Mayor Harrison always offered most strenuous resistance. His controversies with "franchise-grabbers" were many, and though often beaten by a hostile council, he always fought to the bitter end. In his first term he encountered the pushing railroad influence in the

shape of a broadly drawn ordinance, granting the Chicago and Eastern Illinois railroad a right of way to the heart of the city. This right of way, finally obtained and transferred years later to the Santa Fé Company, is now one of the most offensive and most dangerous of the railroad entrances to the city. With a keen insight into the possibilities of the future, the mayor put himself flatly against the ordinance granting this franchise, and vetoed it as soon as it reached him. He pointed out in his veto message that the road was to be given enormously valuable privileges with no compensating returns to the people; that a vast number of streets would be practically closed by the tracks. With shrewdness bordering on prophesy, he suggested that the council was giving to a weak corporation for nothing an immensely valuable franchise, which it would presently sell at a huge profit, — exactly what followed. He declared that passage of the ordinance would utterly ruin Clark Street as a thoroughfare, that they might as well erect barriers at its two ends and call it a railroad alley, that "if this ordinance becomes a law, all that large area from Van Buren Street to Sixteenth and west of State Street will be as the victim within the folds of a boa-constrictor, crushed into an inert mass and then leisurely swallowed." A more just and graphic description of the condition of that district to-day could not be conceived.

Nor was the mayor's attitude toward this franchise based upon consideration of the merits and

defects of this particular measure alone. Rather he sought to make it the occasion for beginning a line of municipal legislation which should free at least the central part of Chicago from the evil of grade crossings. He closed his message by urging that there should be only two passenger stations in the heart of the city, — one on the lake front, to which trains would come along the lake shore without crossing streets, and one on the west side, where the Union depot now stands, the tracks leading to which would skirt the river, and be spanned by the approaches to the bridges crossing that stream. Chicagoans of to-day will readily recognize the sagacity of this plan, and will appreciate the force of Mayor Harrison's declaration to the aldermen in 1879: "Gentlemen, if not taken hence before your time, some of you will see Chicago a city of a million. The struggle then will not be to get railroads into the heart of the city, but to force those now in to seek more remote localities. . . . When the time comes for forcing the various railroads to build viaducts, and for that purpose to unite on some common lines, the difficulty will be increased in proportion to the number having foothold."

But however just and admirable the criticisms which the mayor expressed upon this ordinance, it became a law in spite of him. The council passed it over his veto, and though the appellate court declared it void, a final appeal to the State Supreme Court resulted in the affirmation of its validity.

The right of way granted thereby is now in the possession of the Santa Fé corporation, and people familiar with the neighborhood through which its blighting path proceeds, will readily bear witness that the lessons of later years have more than established the justice of Mayor Harrison's condemnation of the ordinance of 1879.

It would be idle now to recount in detail the efforts of Mayor Harrison during his first term, or indeed during the three subsequent thereto, to protect the interests of the people, to advance interests of the city, or to defend the liberty of citizens. Many of the issues of that time are now not only settled but forgotten. Some of the questions which then seemed of vital importance to the community, and about which discussion, pro and con, raged fiercely in the press, seem now so simple that people wonder any dissension should have arisen about them. It is perhaps worth while, however, to note in passing that in 1879 he declared war on the "smoke nuisance," and made valiant effort to rally the council for its overthrow. Fifteen years later Chicagoans still suffered from that sooty evil, and the message of Mayor Harrison to the common council on the subject, dated Dec. 15, 1879, might well have been repeated in 1894. Yet another measure of this first term, which bears upon a Chicago problem of later days, was his veto of an ordinance giving two militia regiments the privilege of erecting armories upon that expanse of vacant

land known in Chicago as the Lake Front. It will be remembered that while in Congress Harrison had secured the passage of a bill transferring to the city the rights of the federal government in this park. When the subject came before him again as mayor, he declared that the land was dedicated to the city for park purposes only, and strenuously opposed giving militia companies, or other bodies seeking to erect buildings, any foothold thereon. The future of the Lake Front was always a matter of solicitude to him, and his negotiations and struggles with the Illinois Central railroad for the purpose of limiting that corporation's rights in that territory or forcing it off altogether would fill a volume if fully detailed. His efforts in this direction, however, were fruitless, as indeed have been the like endeavors of later executives of Chicago, and even the decree of the United States Supreme Court. The corporation still (in 1894) holds its ground, — or rather the people's ground, — seemingly unterrified by mayors or by courts.

What may be called the extra-official duties of a mayor of Chicago, or indeed of any great city, are many and onerous. He must entertain largely, be ever ready for a speech at banquet or reception, cheerfully point out the beauties of the city to distinguished guests, and act as general master of great public ceremonies. A mayor who, like Harrison, is distinctively a popular executive, who is genial in entertainment and happy on the platform, is doubly

taxed in this way. Throughout his public career Harrison was in demand to make speeches of welcome, or other formal expressions of the city's share in the entertainment of prominent visitors. The audacious bluntness of his campaign speeches always brought down upon him the thunderbolts of the opposition press, and even in his purely social addresses, he was prone to let his zeal carry him away, and introduce political suggestions or urge personal convictions not always entirely pleasing to his auditors. His celebrated Iroquois Club tariff speech — to which further reference will be made later — was the most striking example of this practice, and the speech of welcome made by him during his first term to Ex-President Grant offers further illustration of it.

Grant, returning from his fairly regal tour around the world, had been received in every city of the United States with royal honors. His progress across the continent from San Francisco, at which point he had re-entered the country, was like the triumphant return to Rome, in the days of pagan splendor, of a conqueror. Everywhere the air rang with plaudits, and amid the shouts of welcome was heard everywhere the suggestion, the demand even, that the policy enunciated by George Washington, and followed loyally throughout a hundred years of national life should be abandoned, and the hero of Appomattox re-elected to the presidency for a third time. The convention which should name the

republican candidate for the election of 1880 was still nearly a year away. Grant, with characteristic taciturnity, had spoken no word which would show his purpose to seek or not to seek the nomination. On almost every lip was the question, "Does Grant want a third term?"

Chicago, always a city of enthusiasm, and devoted to the spectacular, turned out in gallant fashion to do honor to the nation's hero. There were the usual processions, banquets, and a grand reception. Among the orators of the occasion was Mayor Harrison. His was the duty of welcoming the honored guest. In a few brief and eloquent words he eulogized the soldier and the statesman, sketched in graphic lines the stirring scenes of Donaldson, Vicksburg, Richmond, and Appomattox, then unexpectedly to his hearers, and, perhaps in phrase too delicate for the less acute among them to discern its true meaning, made keen allusion to the topic which all the world thought near to the ex-president's heart and warned him against error, thus: —

"Sir, you have served your country nobly. Your country has honored you grandly. Like the immortal Washington you rose from the lowly walks of life, passed through all military grades until you commanded the victorious armies of your country. Like him you filled the office of president two long terms. He, when his two terms were over, was offered a crown by his admiring friends, but preferring an immortality of renown to temporary power, he retired to private life and lives and will live in the hearts of his people, and all time will call him his country's father. You too, sir, when your two terms were over, obeying that

part of your country's constitution in its unwritten traditions hallowed by the example of the immortal Washington, — you too retired and thus you too, sir, live and will live forever in your countrymen's hearts."

It may well be imagined that this frank suggestion to the ex-president, generally believed to be planning at that very moment for a third term, created wide interest. The party press teemed with allusions to it, and with commendation or abuse of the orator according to the political character of the journal. The sensation was enjoyed by no one more than by its author. Thoroughly characteristic as the speech was, it was not more so than his satisfaction that he had done an audaciously clever thing and set the world talking.

In April, 1881, Harrison was re-elected mayor by a substantial majority. His renomination was given him by the Democratic party as a matter of course, no other candidate appearing in the convention. He assured the delegates who nominated him that he had no desire for office, but that if chosen to it, he would continue to conduct the affairs of the city after the business-like fashion which had characterized his first administration. Against him the Republicans put up John M. Clark, a gentleman who had sat in the common council, and was in every way well-fitted for the office to which he was nominated. The campaign, like all in which Carter Harrison figured, was bitterly contested. The Democratic nominee went into the struggle strengthened by his phenomenally successful management of the city

finances. He cleverly seized upon some of the predictions made by the Republican press at the time of his first election to office, and made their authors laughable by contrasting the prophecies with the actual accomplishment. He quoted the prediction of "The Tribune," that "the election of Mayor Harrison means that city scrip now worth from 92 to 94 cents will be brought down to 62 cents on the dollar," and showed that so far from fulfilling it, he had reduced the volume of scrip outstanding to almost nothing and was meeting current expenditures in cash. "The Tribune" had further asserted that "the election of Carter Harrison means that our bonds, now so handsomely above par, or seven per cent bonds which are worth somewhere between 111 and 113, will be reduced below par." To this the mayor retorted, "What are the facts to-day? Those same bonds are worth 123 to 127, and our 4½ per cent bonds, which the bankers said last July we could not float, are to-day bearing a premium of seven per cent. Our four per cent bonds are to-day selling at three per cent premium, and we have to-day in our office, or on its way from New York, the proceeds of $700,000 of those bonds already paid for. So much for the prophecies of the papers!"

Against a man with such political ammunition at hand, against an official who had been tried and found efficient, mere partisanship could make little headway. It was significant that at no time during the campaign did the opposition press or the op-

posing speakers attempt to challenge the financial features of Mayor Harrison's administration or to impugn his integrity. Their main attack was on his police policy, which they charged had delivered the city over to vice and crime. Throughout his official career Mayor Harrison frankly avowed liberal views on this very serious feature of municipal administration. He stood for the fullest liberty consistent with good order, opposed Sunday laws and sumptuary laws, and believed that gambling and other vices incident to city life could not be wholly suppressed and should be regulated. He met the charges of his enemies in this instance by showing that the police regulation of these evils was wisely directed and well enforced, and that the city had never been more free from actual crime.

The result of such a campaign could hardly have been a matter of doubt. After the election of April 5, 1881, the ballots showed for Carter H. Harrison 35,668; for John M. Clark, 27,925. A few days later Mr. Harrison was formally installed for the second time in the office of mayor. In his inaugural address, besides the formal review of the work of the past year and statement of the condition of the city finances, he made pleas for the abandonment of the wood-block pavement then in use on all the down-town streets, and the substitution of granite, and for an increase in the pumping facilities of the city water-works. He closed his address with a defence of his policy in the management of gambling so

Carter H. Harrison.
age 55.

impassioned as to make it clearly evident that the campaign shafts had left a sting. He declared it utterly impossible to suppress the evil, that it was rooted in the nature of man, and that he believed, with Abraham Lincoln, that "you can't turn a cow's tail into a third hind leg by statutory enactment." "The fireside, the lyceum, and the well-stocked public library," he said, "will do more than laws to suppress social evils."

The second administration of Mayor Harrison lacked much of the political interest of the first. The reins of office were already in his hands, the steeds broken to the pace he set for them. There were no further struggles with insubordinate officials for they had learned his metal; few serious contests with the council. The appropriation bills were passed and approved without the bitter struggles of the first term, partly because the improved condition of the city finances made pinching economy unnecessary, but more because the mayor had learned the art of making the council do as he wished.

Only a short time after the beginning of Mayor Harrison's second term the nation was shocked by the horrible crime of the assassin Guiteau, by which a president of the republic lost his life. In a message to the common council dated July 6, 1881, the mayor gave official notice of the dastardly crime against the nation in these words:—

"GENTLEMEN,—Since your last meeting, the hand of an assassin has been lifted against the life of the president of

the United States. It has caused a thrill of horror to fill the hearts of all good men throughout the civilized world, and the people of the United States have been inexpressibly shocked that such an attempt should have been a second time made against their first magistrate and their most exalted servant.

"The citizens of Chicago have had but one feeling aroused by this horrible deed, — a feeling mingled with detestation of the great crime, and heartfelt sympathy with President Garfield and his family. While they deeply deplore that any one could conceive and execute so dastardly a deed, they yet know that it was the act of a single man and not the conspiracy of others, and they earnestly condemn the rancor which could even suggest that Guiteau's crime was the premeditated act of any faction in the country. They recognize that assassination as a means of removing a public servant can never become a growth on free American soil. The assassin may shock the sentiment of Americans, but cannot cause them to doubt the safety of the republic, nor can he materially disturb the equipoise of its institutions. Chicago now rejoices that the condition of the president gives hopes of his recovery. I recommend that you pass resolutions of sympathy with him and his family."

This message and the one in which he announced the death of President Garfield after the long and painful struggle at Elberon, have added interest because Carter Harrison, like the president, fell before the wanton bullet of a "crank," an ignoble groveller, who, spurred on partly by vanity, partly by the promptings of a half-crazed mind, followed his victim to his home and shot him down. When, at Garfield's burial, Harrison stood looking at the

impressive outpouring of the people to do honor to the distinguished dead, and turned, saying to a friend at his side, "For such a funeral it would almost be worth while to pay the price," he had no thought that he too should meet his end as Garfield did, and that his pathway to the tomb, through the streets of the city he loved so well, would be attended with even greater pomp than the funeral progress of Garfield's bier. And the fact that his own assassin was a disappointed office-seeker gives to certain phrases of the following message, in which he announced the death of Garfield, an air of unintended prophecy: —

To the Mayor and Aldermen of the City of Chicago, in City Council Assembled:

GENTLEMEN, — Last night, while you were discussing an important matter, the fire gong startled you by its measured toll. It said, "The President is dead!" You at once silently adjourned. I have called you together to make the announcement that the Chief Magistrate of the United States, after an heroic struggle of eighty days with grim death, has at last given up the fight, — that his spirit at 10.35 last night winged its flight to the presence of its God, leaving behind it a name which will live as long as history continues to be written.

This is a painful announcement, whether you think of James A. Garfield as a man or as the executive head of this mighty republic. As a man he had his faults, perhaps, — for who that is human has not? — but his virtues were far greater than have been bestowed on even a minority of those whom the world has called great. He was a kind and generous friend, a loving and gentle husband, and a devoted father. He was an industrious public servant, and

endeavored to square all of his public acts by an upright and peculiarly sensitive conscience. He was an earnest patriot, and showed his love for his country on the battle-field as well as in the legislative halls. He was ambitious, but his ambition was of that exalted character which pined for an eternal fame. He has been cut off in a manner which will cause his name to live forever. But he has been robbed of his most darling wish, which was that he would fasten his name to some act which would forever endear him to his fellow-men. As President of this mighty land, had he been spared, this most earnest desire might have been gratified. It is a bitter thing for such a man to be cut off thus on the threshold of his great opportunity.

Regarding him as a man, we can profoundly mourn his untimely death; but when we regard him as the Chief Magistrate of the United States, we have far more poignant pain. He was murdered, not because he had awakened personal animosity, not because he had embittered a human life, but because he *was* the Chief Magistrate. The assassin aimed at his heart, not because the heart was a man's, but because it beat within a President's breast. It is a terrible thought that the man whom a nation exalts to be its Chief Executive, its chief servant, should be a target for a fanatic's bullet. Thank God, but one feeling animates the hearts of all men and women of this broad land, — execration and horror of the deed and of the wretch who perpetrated it. I hope this execration will grow and grow into a hatred of the vile system in our body politic which maddened infamous Guiteau's brain. The assassin of the President was a mad fanatic, but his last act was the result of political pyæmia in our governmental fabric, — greed of office. It has been charged that the black axiom, "To the victor belong the spoils," was promulgated by a great man. Every friend of the defender of New Orleans should resent the vile aspersion. To that axiom we owe the rapid diffusion of the poison which

belongs to the spoils system. Office is for the good of the people, and not spoils for the office-holder. That party should be entitled to the longest life in this country which most boldly and honestly demands that this upas-tree of republican institutions be eternally and utterly eradicated. The death of James A. Garfield brings this hideous monster plainly before the eyes of the world. He believed in reform in the civil service. His countrymen can best show their appreciation of his worth by following what he would advise could his spirit speak to them to-day. Let it be written in letters of blood, "Guiteau's bullet was sped by the spoils system. In the name of Garfield, death to the vile system!"

Gentlemen, I recommend that you adopt appropriate resolutions, that the same be spread upon the records, and that you appoint a committee of the Council to attend the funeral of our lamented President, and in the name of Chicago to drop a tear upon his grave.

I shall issue a proclamation calling upon the people of this great city to desist from all labor and amusements during the hours of the funeral, and thus to show their respect for the dead President of the United States and their horror of the black deed which so untimely took him off.

CARTER H. HARRISON.

The most important incident of Mayor Harrison's second term was perhaps the fight upon overhead telegraph-wires in the business streets of the city, begun and prosecuted to a successful conclusion by him. To-day the business district of Chicago is clear of telegraph poles and wires, but it does not need a long memory to recall the time when the unsightly poles, with their rows upon rows of cross-pieces, from which the scores of wires stretched in

either direction, disfigured the best business streets of the city. Unsightly and a dangerous nuisance in every town, these overhead wires were especially so in Chicago where the sky is already sufficiently darkened by smoke, and where such additional obstructions to light and air are intolerable. The first really effective step toward abolishing this nuisance was Mayor Harrison's veto of an ordinance authorizing the Mutual Union Telegraph Company to erect poles and string wires on certain city streets. In the spring of 1881, the council passed an ordinance directing all telegraph and telephone wires to be placed under ground within a specified period of time. The corporations, after their ordinary fashion, paid no attention to it, regarding it merely as one of the sops to public opinion so often thrown out by corrupt aldermanic bodies. Events showed that the estimate placed upon the sincerity of aldermanic devotion to the principle of underground wires was entirely just, for, with this ordinance still on the record and in force, the council passed one permitting a new telegraph company to add its poles and wires to those already obstructing and defacing the streets.

Mayor Harrison promptly vetoed the ordinance. The message with which he accompanied the disapproved measure was one of the strongest of his executive documents, and a model of what a veto message should be. Too long for reproduction here in full, some of its salient points may well be noted. In graphic phrase he described the unsight-

liness and peril of the overhead wires, and he combated successfully, with facts and figures, the arguments of the company that underground wires were yet to be proved practicable. The insidious plea that the new company would be a competitor of the monopolistic Western Union and should not be more burdened with regulations than that corporation, he met firmly. It is the plea by which one monopoly after another fastens its tentacles upon a city, and never yet has relief come of favors granted by the public upon such representations. Demanding sturdily that the council take no backward step, insisting that the opinion of the people be respected, the mayor sent back the ordinance without his approval. Determined effort was made to pass it over his veto, but failed by a close vote. The promoters of the ordinance, not to be baffled, amended it largely in accordance with the mayor's demands, making the right to maintain overhead wires merely temporary, providing for the filing of a bond to secure the city against all expense that might be incurred in removing poles and wires at the end of the stipulated time, and otherwise protecting the interests of the people. In this form the ordinance was passed and received the mayor's approval. But the beneficiary corporation, as is not infrequently the case, took all the limitations upon its privileges as so many meaningless phrases. The day set for the expiration of its privilege came and nothing had been done toward burying the wires. The next morning the overhead

wires were cut by Mayor Harrison's orders. There was immediate recourse to the courts by the corporation, spirited defence by the city, and finally the adoption of another *modus vivendi*, by which the day of the complete burial of all electric wires was hastened. While this controversy with the telegraph company was in progress, Mayor Harrison also interposed his veto power to prevent the granting of overhead privileges to an electric-light company. This veto too was an admirable document. It recited the progress which had been made in other cities of America and Europe in putting electric wires underground. It rehearsed vividly, if possibly in somewhat lurid phrase, the perils of wires in the open air carrying an illuminating current. It pleaded eloquently with the council for the protection of the people's rights. Endorsed by a unanimous vote of the council, this veto did not deter the corporation from making reiterated demands for the privileges sought, but Harrison's persistence and courage carried the day. The wires when laid were put underground. To-day the down-town section of Chicago is as clear of telegraph wires as that of any great city. Though this result was not wholly achieved during Mayor Harrison's term of office, the policy which produced it was established and defended by him.

While the financial history of Mayor Harrison's administrations is best summarized in the message with which he retired from office at the end of his fourth term and eighth consecutive year of service,

quotations from which will be presented at the proper place, it is pertinent to say, in connection with the events of his second term, that he was able to notify the council, in the first annual report of that term, that "For the first time in several years the city has not been obliged during 1881 to issue any 'city scrip.' In my last message I said I would earnestly endeavor to so manage the municipal affairs as to evade any necessity for issuing the paper. That promise has been fulfilled, and no occasion has presented itself to demand the issue of a single dollar." The achievement was indeed one almost unparalleled in municipal finance, and in the face of it Harrison's bitterest and noisiest political enemies were compelled to admit his surpassing merit as a "business mayor."

The council, at the last meeting of July, 1882, having extended the somewhat unusual courtesy of voting him a vacation of six weeks, Mayor Harrison straightway sailed for Europe, whither indeed he was throughout his life apt to go when his engrossing occupations gave him a long enough holiday. On this occasion he confined his tour to the United Kingdom, and, while departing from his usual custom of keeping a journal, brought home a memento in the form of a wife. On the 22d of August, he married in London Miss Marguerite Stearns, daughter of a Chicago business man, Marcus Stearns. The couple had been engaged for some time, and chose to be married in Europe to escape the publicity and pomp of a wedding in Chicago.

While abroad he spent much time in Ireland, the intimate connection between that country and many of his warmest friends and supporters at home attracting him perhaps more than the scenery or the historic associations of the Emerald Isle. In Dublin he was entertained by the Lord Mayor at a formal banquet, given at the instance of Parnell, Justin McCarthy, Dillon, Sullivan, and the other Irish members of Parliament, at which nearly a hundred distinguished citizens were present. The address he delivered on the occasion, though enthusiastically received then, was made the basis of many attacks upon him at home. He was accused of "pandering" to the Irish vote, and the very newspapers which, in the campaign of 1881, had tried to make an issue of his refusal to preside at an Irish nationalist meeting, now berated him as bitterly for his friendly words to Irish hosts. It must be admitted that Carter Harrison had much reason for the contemptuous estimate which to the day of his death he put upon the honor, honesty, and justice of the newspaper press. The address he delivered at the Dublin banquet was purely a piece of after-dinner oratory, yet had in it a tactful recognition of the deeper sentiment of the occasion which charmed his auditors. He accepted the honor as one tendered, not to him as an individual, but as the mayor of Chicago, a city which, as he assured his hearers, numbered among its people over 110,000 Irishmen. The people of that city, he said, had "learned to love not only liberty itself, but the

name of liberty; and when the cry came across the ocean that Ireland was struggling for freedom, when the news came that there was a dawn breaking in the far East and there was a chance for Irish liberty, there was one wild feeling of hurrah in Chicago in the hope that Ireland would at last be free." He declared that he spoke not as an Irishman, for no Irish blood flowed in his veins. He gave public utterance to that strange error in genealogy which was exploded in the first chapter of this book, saying, "My ancestor who handed down his name to me led Charles I. to the block, that terrible deed which taught kings that heads were supported upon shoulders by a slender neck, and taught the people that that neck was easily severed. . . . Thank God, owing to the inheritance that I got from my revolutionary forefathers, I love liberty and hate tyranny wherever it be." He went on to make an impassioned plea for freedom for Ireland, declaring her people law-abiding, intelligent, manly, and free-born. Of the Irish in America he said, "Every act of Congress, every sermon in the pulpit, every grand pleading at the bar has something of Irish brain, and every wall, every rail that spans the continent has Irish sweat in it. They are not idle there; they come from your most ignorant classes, your most down-trodden, poor, oppressed, and uneducated; yet in the first generation they work, and in the second generation they are among our best citizens. We say to England, 'Give them a chance here in Ireland,

and maybe they will do as well as they have in America.' "

Reports of this speech, preceding the mayor to America, awakened great enthusiasm among the Irish in this country, — those warm-hearted, brilliant, enigmatic Irish, who, when in exile, do so much for their native land, for which they do so little while there. Partly because of the enthusiasm of his Irish constituency, but more through the friendly offices of some of his personal followers, a reception was arranged for him on his return. There were the usual concomitants of a political festival in America, — parades, brass bands, speeches, fireworks, and punch. An affair wholly trivial in itself, yet one of the many little incidents by which the ever popular mayor of Chicago was brought nearer to the people and the people closer to him.

In the spring of 1883, Mayor Harrison was again the candidate of his party for re-election. He had encountered the hostility of the whole press of the city, and of that class of the " best citizens " who are forever reforming municipal politics by putting " citizens' tickets " in the field, and then forgetting to vote for them. These elements took issue with his policy of regulating inevitable evils, with his liberal Old World notions of Sabbath observance, with his treatment of the liquor traffic, with his attitude toward the socialistic propaganda, — just then very terrifying to timid capitalists, and with nearly everything he had done, except his manage-

ment of the city finances. Their first step was to nominate for mayor, as an independent candidate on a high-license platform, Mr. R. T. Crane, a wealthy manufacturer. But the Republicans, discerning, as they thought, promise of victory in Democratic dissension, made certain agreements with the "reform" faction, and Mr. Crane withdrew in favor of the regular Republican candidate, Eugene Cary. Of the campaign that followed, it is only necessary to say that it was on the surface, apparently, a struggle of Carter Harrison against all Chicago. The press was practically a unit against him, and spared no epithet, no slander, no falsehood for his overthrow. Every sin committed in Chicago was laid at Harrison's door. His supporters were declared to come only from the slums and purlieus. The pulpit, ever easily led astray by senseless clamor, joined in the attack, and on the last day of the campaign the mayor was bitterly assailed from a score of pulpits. To the batteries of slander and malice he, as was his custom, made little reply. He declared that the sole plank in the platform on which he stood was "Personal Liberty," and the one exhibit of service on which he relied for the continuance of the confidence the public reposed in him, the integrity with which he had ever conducted the affairs of the city. He pointed to the fact that he had redeemed his promise to wipe out the blot of scrip-issuance from the city's credit. He showed that the city hall, under his management, was being erected for upwards of a $1,000,000 less

than the court-house, identical in plan, but built under Republican supervision. Election day brought a repetition of the story that had become familiar to Chicago. Harrison, the target for the abuse of the press and the denunciations of the pulpit, was elected easily, by a majority of 10,263. "The Chicago Times," still under the editorship of the brilliant Wilbur F. Storey, which had taken the lead in the attack, said the day after election: —

"It was a campaign of vilification, of which the mayor was made the target, and the virulence of the assaults upon him aroused among hundreds of citizens, who cared nothing for him personally or politically, that feeling of resentment which persistent malice always excites in lovers of candor and fair play. The effect of this feeling was found in the ballot-boxes. While the outcome of yesterday's voting will be a sore disappointment to the managers of the Cary canvass and the hungry horde of expectants who followed their banners, the many good citizens who joined that army and strove earnestly for a victory that would bring a change of city administration will not despair of Chicago's future because of their failure. They know that though the management of municipal affairs has not been all they could desire, it has at least been clean-handed and reasonably efficient in most directions. The utmost malice of the mayor's assailants has never charged him, or the administration for which he has been responsible, with peculation or corruption. If the police force has not been at all times effective in protecting property, it will be remembered that that force is smaller in proportion to the area and population than in any other great city on the continent."

The elevated tone, ostentatious devotion to fair play, and deep political wisdom of the average par-

tisan newspaper after election, are equalled only by its noisy and stupid virulence before. "The Times," despite its sage post-election explanations, was in the fore-front of the "campaign of vilification" which it so deplored. Nor did the newspapers of the city learn any wisdom from the result of the campaign of 1883, but in 1885 and again in 1893 repeated their effort to substitute intemperate and incredible abuse for honest arguments, with results equally favorable to Mr. Harrison.

Mayor Harrison's third term was void of municipal legislation of importance. He had a council more thoroughly in harmony with his ideas than in earlier years, and there was dearth of those tenacious struggles over doubtful legislation which marked his earlier administrations. So thoroughly had the council come to know and to respect him that at its first meeting it requested him to name its committees, — a prerogative for which in earlier years he had had to fight. On this occasion, however, he refused to accept the charge except after the passage of a formal ordinance making the arrangement of the committees a regular prerogative of the mayor. Four years earlier, he had been unable to get his committees accepted at all; this year the ordinance he demanded was passed without a dissenting vote.

But while the municipal affairs of Mayor Harrison's third term are devoid of any especial interest, the political history of the period 1883–1885 and

his own part in it are full of interest. His nomination for governor of Illinois, and his magnificent though unsuccessful campaign for that office may well be left for an ensuing chapter. The part he took in the national politics of the period is almost equally interesting. Chicago that year played a prominent part in national affairs. Her great Democratic club, the Iroquois, determined to enter the national arena with a banquet, the speeches at which should set the keynote for the Democratic presidential campaign of 1884. It was to be a thoroughly "free-trade" chorus. Such well-known proponents of that theory as Frank Hurd, J. Sterling Morton, and George Hoadly were invited to lead the discussion. From all parts of the country, distinguished Democrats were bidden to the feast. Samuel J. Tilden sent a letter. The editor of the "New York World," the president of the National Free Trade League, and other notable Democrats came from the East. According to the prearranged programme, the speeches were all eulogistic of unrestricted commercial intercourse between all the nations of the earth. Mayor Harrison, who was present as a member of the club, grew restive. Always a believer in the principle of protection himself, — even up to the year of his death, when he saw a Democratic president overwhelmingly elected upon a platform which declared protection unconstitutional, — he felt that the whole trend of the oratory of the evening was in the wrong direction. His opportunity came when he was

called upon to speak, though not down upon the regular programme. Unquestionably aware that the whole sentiment of the assembly was against him, he nevertheless courageously avowed his beliefs. Though his address throughout was brilliant, the portions of it touching upon the tariff question are the more interesting because of their audacity and of the prodigious sensation they created, not only in the Iroquois Club, but in all political circles.

"I say to you," he cried, — and in that free-trade assemblage it was much like one crying in a wilderness, — "you may make your tariff for revenue only a plank in your next resolutions, and you will split the Democratic party. But if you take the position that protection as a political doctrine is a hydra-headed monster, that must be stricken down, you will not split the party.

"Protection is a monster; free-trade is a thing for the doctrinaire. The times and country's financial condition are not yet ripe for it. The people are not yet educated up to it. It was a good thing to be discussed twenty-odd years ago, when we held the power of the administration in Washington. But take that as your plank now, and you do not win from the Republican party one single one of its adherents. They stick to the party that gives them patronage and gives them spoils. You will drive thousands of our own people from our ranks, and you will probably have a presidential candidate writing a letter at the wrong moment that kills your platform. The manufactures of the country, the business of the country is more or less based upon the high-protection tariff so many years in vogue. To suddenly reduce the tariff to a purely revenue basis would paralyze many industries, would produce a crash. Our party would not, could not, desire to bring about such conditions. A purely revenue tariff, 'a tariff for revenue

only,' would tax coffee, tea, and all other articles not produced in this country, and these articles would be logically the first ones sought for duties. Is the country ready for this? Are we as a party ready for it? Could we hope to win the country on such a programme? I think not. And yet this would be the logical sequence of a determination to have 'a tariff for revenue only.' If we are not ready for these results, then we are not ready for such a determination. If we are not ready for it then we mislead when we press the dogma. Here in Chicago, where over forty-one thousand Democrats voted last week, not one in ten of these Democrats is really in favor of such results. This fact impels me to say what I do. My silence would mislead other parts of the country, and might help to cause the Democratic party to make a mistake in 1884.

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"Let us go on steadily discussing the tariff question until we can educate the people,— educate the people not by dogmatic assertions, but by facts, figures, and statistics. Strike down protection as a political theory, but do not make a platform to be spoken about in Illinois and slurred over in Pennsylvania. Do not make a platform that one part of your country denies while another part of your country preaches it up. Be honest. Be bold and be fearless. Say that the tariff must and shall be reformed. It has errors in it. It has criminal errors. You can reform it and still have revenue, and yet not drive our friends from us, who believe in other parts of the Democratic doctrine. What is Democratic doctrine? Some say it is a tariff for revenue only. I hold the tariff is not a principle of the Democratic party and never was. It was an incident however. It was not the great underlying principle of the Democratic party. It is not the great underlying principle of the Democratic party to-day. It is not a principle. It is simply a policy growing out of and incident to a great principle,— the great principle that legislation must be for the many and not for

the few; that we have in America no privileged classes, for whose benefits laws shall be made, to the injury of the many. 'A tariff for revenue only,' is a policy and a good policy, — a policy to which I hope the country will eventually come, but a policy which must be reached gradually, and not with such haste as to injure the country's business; a policy, which I fear none of us here present will live to see inaugurated. What was Jackson's idea of this question? He said: 'With regard to a proper selection of the subjects of impost, with a view to revenue, it would seem to me that the spirit of equity, caution, and compromise, in which the constitution was formed, requires that the great interests of agriculture, commerce, and manufactures, should be favored.' This was certainly tariff for revenue doctrine, but not for revenue only. But there is a principle that is Democratic, and that is the principle enunciated by Thomas Jefferson, — that man is capable of self-government, that the poor man, in his humble citizenship, is as great a man with a ballot in his hand as is your Vanderbilt or your Gould, rolling in his carriage or travelling over the country in his palatial coach. That is Democracy. Free-trade was not Democracy at any time. Free-trade is not Democracy to-day. Tariff for revenue only cannot be reached during several Democratic administrations to come. In part of the country they tell you to give us protection to home industry, and Mr. Hurlburt himself says a tariff for revenue brings incidentally protection. Let your newspapers, the Democratic newspapers of this country educate the people up to the question. Let your public writers educate the people up to it. But when you come to a city with its vast monopolies, and when you tell them in a platform that you are going to have a tariff for revenue only, the ballots will be printed and put in the voter's hands the night before election, and he will be commanded to vote as his employer wishes him to vote. At the last election in this city, when Hancock and Garfield were running,

Republican ballots were put in the hands of every great employer in this city the night before the election. Employees were told that their bread depended on the election of Garfield, and they voted with their bread. Great processions marched over the streets — processions composed to a great extent of men who usually vote with the Democracy — carrying banners denouncing free-trade. They thought their bread was endangered. We could not convince them to the contrary. We may win on a new doctrine, on a principle of that sort, when the country is oppressed and suffering, when the finances are in a bad condition, when labor is not winning a proper reward, but you cannot bring on a change of that sort when a country is prosperous. You cannot change a policy of government which is fixed in the minds of the people, and when the people have living wages and are working every day for those wages. We all believe in tariff for revenue. It is the true policy of government. This club in its constitution, to which I subscribe as a member, says in the ninth section, 'Tariff for revenue only at the earliest practicable period consistent with due regard for existing interests and the financial needs of the government; and immediately such a revision of the present system as shall fairly and equitably distribute burdens.' That is right — 'as soon as may be consistent with a due regard for existing interests.' That does not mean, necessarily, during the incumbency of the next Democratic president. You have no right to tax one man to help to make another richer; but is it necessary for us as Democrats to put 'a tariff for revenue only' in our platform to-day, and to declare we will bring it about at once? We do not know what Congress may do in the next two years. Congress may so reform, revise, or remodel the present pernicious tariff as to eliminate the whole question. But will it do it? Go ask them there what they are doing to-day. Are the Democrats in Washington all of one mind on the question of tariff? Here is

my friend, Mr. Springer; ask him if every Democrat on the floor of the House of Representatives is a man for tariff for revenue only. He will tell you no. A congressman from Virginia wants to protect some commodity because his constituency demands it. A Democratic congressman from Louisiana has voted for a tariff upon sugar because his constituents demand it. But we may break down the monster that is now building up the wealth of the few at the expense of the many, and that is by reforming the present tariff, — reforming it so as to take off the burden of the people; and then you have a living principle, a living issue to fight for, and not a thing of the dead past that we have hauled up for years, and paid no attention to when we got to Washington.

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"But I saw some of my friends shake their heads because I say don't put in your plank the 'tariff for revenue only.' I wish to say, Mr. President, that no man in this audience to-night believes less in protection than I. I believe it is a fraud on the masses. It is a thing gotten up to make the poor man poorer and the rich man richer. But the poor man, working day by day for his bread, is more or less the machine and the tool of his rich employer. We have seen it here in Chicago; we have seen it elsewhere. The other day, the Democracy of Chicago rolled up 41,000 votes. In the presidential election in 1880, the Democracy had but 37,000. What caused this difference? We are not more Democratic to-day than we were then. But it was because monopoly crushed the laborer and made him vote with it. Look at this last election here a few days ago, when circulars were issued by the Republican committee, — circulars addressed to every rich employer in the city, telling him to see to impressing on his employees the necessity for voting for that ticket. What does that impressment mean? It means to impress him by letting him know that his to-morrow's employment depends on how he votes

to-day. Then why array this terrible factor against us? Let the newspapers do their duty, let congressmen preach it, and scatter over this land the true doctrine that tariff for revenue is the best in the long run, and protection is robbery. Spread that doctrine over the country through your speeches, my friend, Senator Bayard. Scatter that literature over the country, educate the people, and when we win the presidency then we will have time to look at a true reform in the policy of tariff. But don't put a free-trade plank in the platform now. Did the Republican party not offer reform the other day? Have we reformed the tariff? I will ask my friend, Mr. Springer, did the last commission reform the tariff or did it not? Your speeches said it was a fraud. The Republicans say it is right and they have got the press of the North. You can only counteract the influence of that press by your speeches in Congress. Scatter them over the land, let Mr. Wheeler issue from his bureau in New York proper documents that will instruct the people; but do not throw away the chances of winning a presidency, and giving to the people Jeffersonian democracy, by asking for something you cannot get, and which we would not get if we could; for if the Democracy should get control of the country, it would not jeopardize its business interests by reducing the tariff at once to a revenue basis. It would revise, and wisely revise, the present iniquitous tariff, and help, not injure, the people."

Criticism of this address, based both on the wisdom of the principles enunciated in it, and upon the propriety of expressing them at all in a gathering intended to be a harmonious celebration of the glories of free trade, was rife for weeks after the event. Mayor Harrison was denounced and applauded, lampooned, caricatured, reviled, and ridiculed. Yet he clung manfully to his convictions,

and later, when he came to be nominated for governor of Illinois, made another forceful protest against the political unwisdom of declaring for a policy of tariff for revenue only, and this time carried his point. At heart he was, indeed, more of a protectionist than he avowed himself in his speeches. In addressing such a body as a Democratic Convention or the Iroquois Club, he was prone to base his antagonism to the free-trade programme on the not very elevated grounds of political expediency. In fact, however, the convictions he had imbibed in youth as a "Henry Clay Whig" never deserted him. To the day of his death he clung to the doctrine of protection, and always believed Samuel J. Tilden and Samuel J. Randall the two greatest Democrats of his time.

Notwithstanding his antagonism to a declaration for a tariff for revenue only, Mayor Harrison took an active part in the nomination and election of a president who in later years became recognized as the most radical and earnest proponent of that theory in the Democracy. The Democratic National Convention of 1884 met in Chicago. Carter Harrison was seated as one of the Illinois delegation. Up to the last moment he had hoped that his political idol, Mr. Tilden, would be a candidate before that convention and be nominated, — a wish which beyond doubt was shared by an enormous majority of the Democratic voters of the country. But Mr. Tilden's advanced years and bodily infirmities led him to set

a firm face against the importunities of his adherents. The time for the national Democratic Convention came, and no candidate for the presidential nomination had so solid a phalanx behind him as to make nomination certain. Cleveland, Butler, Hendricks, Bayard and Thurman were all possibilities. The convention, as those versed in political history will remember, was stormy, racked with conflicting factions and ambitions. Carter Harrison, after the withdrawal of Mr. Tilden, cast his influence into the scale for Grover Cleveland, then an unknown quantity in national politics. On behalf of Illinois, he seconded the nomination of the New Yorker in a speech which need not be reproduced.

The outcome of the convention is matter of history. Cleveland was nominated despite the strenuous opposition of the delegates from his own State. In Illinois, Harrison was nominated for governor. Pressing his own canvass with characteristic vigor, he unquestionably contributed vastly to the strength of the presidential ticket in the State. By his efforts a large campaign fund was raised, and expended in a way to benefit the national ticket quite as much as his own candidacy. Though defeated himself, he reduced very materially the normal Republican majority in the State. Though unable to give the electoral vote of Illinois to Cleveland, he sowed the seeds of Democracy which sprouted to such full fruition in 1892. In later years there sprung up between the Democratic president and Carter Harri-

son a certain hostility, bred perhaps, of misunderstanding on both sides. When Cleveland became a candidate for a third nomination, Harrison, as journalist and politician, opposed him, though supporting him loyally after the nomination was won.

In the spring of 1885, Carter Harrison was elected for the fourth consecutive time mayor of Chicago. His renomination had been accomplished, he declared, without action on his part and against his will. For a competitor he had Judge Sidney Smith, who headed perhaps the strongest Republican city ticket ever nominated in Chicago. Into the details of the canvass it is idle now to go. Like earlier campaigns it was marked by extreme bitterness on the part of the newspapers, the pulpit and a certain class of self-appointed "reformers" against the Democratic nominee. The curious investigator who may scan Mayor Harrison's official papers will be struck by the frequency with which he goes out of his way to denounce the newspapers. Such phrases as "the licentious press," "the prostitute and lying newspaper," "a partisan and corrupt press," are of frequent occurrence in his messages to the council and in his speeches. But by any one who has seen something of the malice, the intemperate abuse, the lying and slanderous attacks to which Harrison was subjected by the Chicago newspapers, this seeming bad taste will be condoned. It is a singular fact, however, and one well worth the study of journalists, that the extreme and intemperate opposition of the

newspapers seems never to have injured Harrison politically. Time and time again he was triumphantly elected in spite of a united press against him.

In the election of 1885, however, the veteran mayor narrowly escaped meeting his Waterloo. He had to contend with an unusually strong ticket, and with jealousy and treachery in the ranks of his own party. When the campaign closed and the ballots were counted, he was found to be elected by the narrow majority of 293 votes. The cry of fraud was at once set up by the partisans of the Republican candidate. The newspapers redoubled their vilification of the mayor. A self-styled "Committee of Public Safety" was formed to guard the ballot-boxes and to watch the progress of the official count. There had been the usual turbulence at the polls. Some ballot-boxes had been tampered with and many voters intimidated. The partisan press did not scruple to charge Mayor Harrison with personal responsibility for these lawless acts. He responded by suing the "Inter Ocean" newspaper, and a noisy orator, for libel, fixing his damages at $800,000. Reparation having been made in retraction and public apologies, these suits were not pressed. But out of the closeness of the vote and the violent clamor of partisans of both mayoralty candidates arose complications which kept the result of the election in doubt until June 1st, when the official count was finished, giving Harrison 375

majority. The friends of Judge Smith began a contest of the legality of the result, but were unable to alter it. In his annual address next following, the mayor made bitter reference to the persistent attacks of the antagonistic press at this time, and to the effort to unseat him. It was his weakness that he always devoted public papers of this kind to fighting over again the campaign he had won, — a practice which showed that years of custom had not made him indifferent to newspaper attacks, and that he could not refrain from replying to them in official documents, which he shrewdly saw the hostile papers themselves would have to print.

Nothing in Carter Harrison's long régime is of more interest than the varying phases of the socialistic and anarchistic propaganda in Chicago, which flourished during his official career, reaching its height and encountering its overthrow in the explosion of the bomb in the Haymarket, and the execution of the men supposed to have incited that murderous attack. At different times Harrison was bitterly attacked for the liberty of speech which he permitted to the proponents of even the most revolutionary doctrines. The injustice of such criticisms is perhaps best indicated by their evanescence. They were bred of temporary panic wholly. In his last campaign for the mayoralty, when it seemed that every charge, however well or ill founded, that could be brought against him was put forward, this issue was never raised.

There is and has always been about the city of Chicago an atmosphere highly stimulative to radical economic thought. In some degree this is doubtless due to the rapidity with which some men have grown rich, their sudden rise to fortune awakening in the minds of less fortunate observers jealousy, resentment, and doubt of the justice of the system under which such sudden wealth could be accumulated. But probably to the large proportion of foreign-born citizens, particularly the great and influential German colony, this undercurrent of socialistic thought is due. Certainly there have been few seasons since 1877 when the spirit of antagonism to the existing industrial system has not been a force seriously to be reckoned with in Chicago, and it is probable that it was never stronger than to-day.

When Carter Harrison was first elected mayor, the socialists put a ticket formally into the field against him, and polled nearly 12,000 votes. It was their last considerable appearance in Chicago politics. By diplomatic treatment, Harrison disintegrated the socialistic element as a political entity, and brought its most creditable faction over to the Democratic party. Some of the candidates upon the Socialistic ticket of 1879, he appointed to city offices of high honor, where they were, without exception, creditable and efficient public servants. But while his tactful methods broke up the avowedly socialistic organization as a political power, that

propaganda, pressed by socialists, anarchists, and the more radical labor organizations, was still continued. Timid people were affrighted by it, and indeed there were features about it which vigorously suggested revolution. "Armed camps" of workingmen drilled with rifles and bayonets in regular military tactics. Speeches violently denunciatory of the "capitalist class" were made on the lake front and in public halls, and the orators did not hesitate to prophesy murderous outrages and armed rebellion against the forces of the law. The "Arbeiter Zeitung," organ of the German radicals, printed inflammatory editorials from the pen of August Spies, afterwards hanged for alleged complicity in the crime of the Haymarket. To all this torrent of intemperate and even incendiary talk, Mayor Harrison made no effort to interpose a check. For his attitude of indifference, and for the countenance he gave the socialistic element by keeping some of their representatives in office at the City Hall, he was bitterly denounced by the newspapers most nearly allied to the "capitalist classes." And when a platoon of police, attempting to disperse a mass meeting of workingmen at the Haymarket, which seemed to threaten riot, were mowed down by the explosion of a dynamite bomb hurled by some unidentified member of the anarchist propaganda, the outcry of the newspapers was redoubled.

Nevertheless, Harrison held his ground courageously. In fact, his position was thoroughly well

taken, and just criticism of his stand could not be made. He gave countenance to these preachers of radical ideas, not because he sympathized with their beliefs, — for no man was further from being an anarchist or even a socialist than he, — but because he was fully persuaded that interference would be a violation of the right of free speech. As years have rolled by, the essential justice of his position has come to be generally admitted in Chicago, while, even at the height of the excitement, the firm and able manner in which he handled the turbulent classes after the Haymarket riot, allayed all doubt of the mayor's entire devotion to the public weal.

In a formal interview with the correspondent of a great New York newspaper, sent to Chicago immediately after the crime of the Haymarket, Mayor Harrison expressed explicitly the views he held as to the limitations upon, and the extent of the right of free speech and socialistic agitation. He declared that the socialist representatives in the common council had been admirable officials, and that some of the most beneficial public measures originated with them. The ordinances providing for factory and tenement-house inspection and regulation, he cited as examples of the fruits of socialistic endeavor. He drew sharply the line of discrimination between socialists, communists, and anarchists, and declared the former "the exponent of a tremendous column of workingmen in this country, and not only of workingmen, but of many of our most intelligent

thinkers and writers. . . . I do not believe they sympathize with these bomb throwers or with extremists of any nature." In an open letter to the several Chicago newspapers about the same time, he made bitter protest against the injustice of charging him with being an abettor of anarchy, and pointed out that the numerical strength of the socialists, as shown by their vote, had dwindled down to almost nothing in the six years he had been mayor. His habit of wandering about the city, both by day and by night, unattended and unostentatiously, enabled him to speak with knowledge of the temper of the working people, and he discerned more clearly than the sages who sat in the editorial chairs that the noisy bluster of Spies, Parsons, Schwab, and their colleagues, stood for nothing; that, so far as Chicago was concerned, anarchy was a school of turgid oratory, nothing more. He was in the crowd at the Haymarket the night the historic bomb was thrown, and in spite of the protests of police officials, made especial effort to let his presence be known. He went away, after listening to several speeches, saying that there was nothing dangerous or riotous about the assemblage. As a witness in the anarchist trial he testified to that effect, and always thereafter declared in private conversation that he did not believe any of the men arrested and punished for the bomb throwing, were immediately guilty of the crime. When in 1893 Governor Altgeld pardoned the surviving anarchists confined in State's prison,

Carter Harrison dictated for "The Times," of which he was then owner, an editorial applauding the act, though he disapproved of the language in which the pardon was couched.

At the end of his fourth term, Mayor Harrison found himself involved in very perplexing political complications. His political friends who had stood by him so loyally, and had so often carried his cause forward to victory, demanded that he should again be the Democratic standard bearer. To this he was averse. There was nothing in the mayoralty to longer attract him. He had conducted the affairs of the city for eight years, honorably and successfully. He was able to point to notable public improvements accomplished under his régime, to the progress of the city treasury from bankruptcy to entire solvency, to a city hall built at vastly less expense than the twin structure occupied by the county, to an improved water system, and to the genesis of a scientific and sufficient drainage system, all due to his efforts in great part. He felt it an auspicious moment to retire. But his friends were strenuous in their opposition to his project for retirement. They declared that he must be guided by considerations of party expediency, that the condition of affairs in the city was such that, if he failed them, there would be little chance of any Democrat succeeding to the mayoralty. They urged too, that retirement at this juncture would be retreat under fire; that the charges brought against him on

account of his narrow victory over Judge Smith, and the noisy attacks upon him growing out of the anarchist troubles could only be properly met by going once again to the polls for a vindication at the hands of the people. Finding him still obdurate, they declared their intention of nominating him despite his opposition. This course they adopted, dominating the convention and carrying their plan through with the utmost ease. Though in speech and by letter the mayor had declared flatly his absolute determination not to be again a candidate, the pressure upon him to accept was redoubled even after the convention was called to order. He was summoned to the hall, and although moved greatly by the enthusiasm with which he was greeted, he reiterated from the platform and in the presence of the delegates who had already nominated him, his positive refusal to accept the honor. The convention was thrown into an uproar. A motion that Harrison be not permitted to decline was carried with enthusiasm. He left the platform, but was surrounded by friends who carried him off to another room, and there redoubled their importunities. At last, wearied by so much solicitation, and especially affected by the loyalty and devotion manifested by those whom he had led so often, he yielded, — yielded, as he afterwards concluded, unwisely.

A very few hours' reflection convinced the man who had been made a candidate against his will that

it would have been wiser far to have adhered to his original determination. Rumors of dissension and treachery in the ranks of the party came to his ears. The newspapers accused him of having played a friend false, and the three Democratic journals gave prompt notice of their intention to oppose his election. The candidate for treasurer, Mr. McAvoy, whose presence on the ticket Mayor Harrison thought would give it great strength, declared his purpose of withdrawing. Added to these disheartening political troubles, the shadow of impending sorrow hung heavy over his household, where his young wife lay ill of a sickness that in but a few weeks ended in death. Impelled by all these considerations, mortified, blaming himself for his own weakness, the mayor determined to withdraw from the ticket, and sent to the executive committee the following letter, which he undoubtedly then believed marked the last act in his political career: —

To the Democratic City Central Committee:

GENTLEMEN, — The 18th inst. I wrote to the Democrats of this city a letter declining to be a candidate for mayor before the coming convention, and asking that my name be not used in that connection. This letter was written in the interest of, and published after consultation with, a personal friend who desired to be mayor, and who would, I believed, conduct the affairs of this city in the same manner and upon the same principles adopted by myself; that his administration would be an indorsement of my own. In publishing this letter I made a grave mistake. No man should place himself in a position where he cannot answer the demands of his party.

In spite of this letter the Democratic convention met and nominated me by acclamation. I went before the convention positively declining the nomination, giving the reasons therefor, which I thought should be satisfactory and conclusive.

Leaving the hall immediately, I was stopped by a friend and detained a few moments, during which time the convention refused unanimously to accept my declination. Friends came to me from the hall, prominent men in the convention, insisting upon my return, and assuring me that not to do so would utterly demoralize the party. Carried away by the enthusiasm of the moment, I yielded to the convention's demand and made another mistake.

Gentlemen, for years I have been the target for endless abuse and slander. This I have borne with comparative equanimity, because my personal integrity and honor were never attacked; but now I find the press almost unanimous in its assertion that I have betrayed a friend and broken my word, and this friend does not come forward to deny the false allegation. This situation is unbearable. Such a charge involves a reflection upon my personal character, and life is too short to undertake to correct and explain matters involving one's honor. Not a newspaper in Chicago is willing to set me right. There is but one thing left for me to do. I cannot afford to be elected mayor under such circumstances. Knowing well the consequences of the action I now take, and that it forever debars me from future political honors, I must positively and irrevocably withdraw my name from the head of your ticket. The ticket must in any event be remodelled, for I have in my possession the declination of Mr. McAvoy, and this action of mine may enable you to harmonize the party. The confidential adviser in Chicago of the President of the United States has taken the public position that I should be defeated in the interest of the national administration. The three newspapers which are the organs of the president in Chicago,

have attacked me violently since my nomination and urged my defeat. This convinces me that the president of the United States does not desire me to be elected. I therefore respectfully suggest that you call into consultation with you the gentlemen who are known to be the advisers here of the federal administration, and nominate a ticket which will command their support.

CARTER H. HARRISON.

Naturally this sudden and positive withdrawal from the political contest created a wide sensation. The mayor was execrated for his abandonment of his party, ridiculed for his vacillation, complimented for his shrewdness. The party which he had so brusquely brushed aside did not rally. Dazed by the complications surrounding them, its managers determined not to put a ticket in the field. Democratic voters divided their support between Roche, the Republican candidate, and Nelson, the nominee of the labor faction, — the former being easily elected. The city thus returned to Republican control after eight years of Harrison Democracy.

The record of those eight years was well summed up by the retiring mayor in his farewell message of April 18, 1888. It was a history of achievement so creditable that its author may well be pardoned the flourish with which he adorns it, the air of frank self-satisfaction with which he recounts his exploits. From bankruptcy, depreciated scrip, wasted credit, and impending financial disaster, he had guided the city treasury through a period of rigid economy to the goal of perfect solvency, leaving its credit unexceptionable,

its bonds above par, and $2,665,000 in the treasury for his successor. He found the city with one hundred and thirty-two miles of paved streets, practically all of wooden blocks or macadam, and left it with three hundred and forty-seven miles of pavement, a very considerable part of which was granite or other stone. The bridges of the city — a very serious quantity in Chicago, trisected as it is by a river busy with commerce — he had greatly improved, building the first ones swung by steam, and providing for two additional ones at the expense of a street-railroad company. He had cleared the downtown streets of overhead wires, and established an underground telegraph system owned by the city, and employing sixty-five miles of wire. A city hall had been built costing $1,676,030, equal in dimensions too, and better in construction than the adjacent county building which cost $2,604,668. The police force and fire department had been brought to a notably high degree of efficiency, and Mayor Harrison had joined Judge Lambert Tree in establishing a fund from which two medals were to be purchased annually for the policeman and the fireman who had performed the deed of greatest bravery during the year. Into the police service too, he had introduced, for the first time in America, the electric call-box and patrol-wagon system now so widely in use in American cities. Much space in this final message was given up to the movement for a scientific and sufficient drainage system for Chicago, — a work begun

by Harrison's appointment of the "Drainage and Water Supply Commission," by which was recommended the construction of that enormous artificial water-way for the diversion of the city's sewage, in dilute form, to the Illinois River, and ultimately to the Mississippi. This colossal work, involving the expenditure of nearly $25,000,000 is still (1894) in progress. In name a "drainage canal" it will be, in dimensions a ship canal. It provides for more than two-thirds of the labor and cost of that deep navigable channel from Lake Michigan to the Mississippi for which Harrison pleaded so earnestly in Congress. That the other third will be provided for by the State or the nation is reasonably certain; so that what Harrison failed as congressman to accomplish through federal action, he put in a fair way of accomplishment by his authority and influence as mayor of Chicago. In this closing report of his eight years' service in the mayoralty, which he and everybody else then thought marked the end of his public career, Harrison called attention to a very interesting experiment in municipal land owning made under his direction. When the city offices were moved to the new City Hall, the lot upon which the old municipal structure known as "the rookery" stood, was left vacant. Real estate speculators strove to buy it, but the mayor recommended that it be held as a source of city revenue. Accordingly a lease was made to a private company at a rental of $35,000 per annum, for ninety-nine years, the lessees to erect

a building worth at least $1,500,000, which at the expiration of the period of the lease should revert to the city. The council fixed lighter conditions, but the mayor's demands, being complied with, will save to the city during the continuance of the lease, according to his estimate, $3,990,000.

Much of this final report is taken up with a defence of his policy in dealing with the evils of a great city, which it is useless to reproduce here. It is against this feature of his administrations that criticism has always been most fiercely directed. His own conviction of the absolute wisdom of his course was unshakable. He put his answer to his assailants in one sentence. "They who think that the morals of a great crowded city can be made pure by law are as much dreamers as the mad anarchists who imagine that crime can be destroyed by killing law." The duty of a mayor he conceived to be to protect the lives, persons, and property of citizens, to see that the municipal revenues were expended honestly and to the best advantage. That these functions he discharged efficiently throughout his long official career has seldom been questioned even by his most partisan opponents.

And so on the eighteenth of April, 1887, Carter H. Harrison left public life — "forever" as the newspapers and his political opponents were in haste to say. Twelve days later heavy sorrow came upon him, in the death of the wife he had wedded in London six years before. For a time he clung to his

retirement and nursed his sorrow, but the habits of a lifetime of activity were not to be lightly changed, and a few months found the veteran public man, now in his sixty-fourth year, casting about for a new field for his energies.

CHAPTER VII.

THE RACE WITH THE SUN.

THE summer of 1887 found Carter Harrison out of office after continuous public service throughout a term of fifteen and one-half years. A man always of intensely active habit of mind, the unaccustomed leisure was irksome to him. His estate, which had attained comfortable proportions, was of a kind which required little attention. He had no profession to engross him. The recent death of his second wife had preyed upon him sorely, and filled the family home on Ashland Avenue with a host of melancholy memories. Always passionately fond of travel, Mr. Harrison determined to take this period of leisure for the gratification of a long cherished wish to make a tour of the world. Europe and the more accessible portions of Asia were already familiar to him, but the glories of the Orient still existed for him only in the imagination. It is not unlikely that the acerbities of newspaper attacks upon him at the time of his last renomination for the mayoralty had something to do with his determination to leave for a time the city which he loved so well and had served so long. To his last day Carter Harrison was

keenly sensitive to newspaper criticism. No man in American political life was ever subjected to more merciless attacks by partisan writers, but though time after time the people by their votes showed how little credence they gave to the slanders heaped upon him, he never learned to regard these attacks with indifference. It is significant that when he in turn became the owner of a great Chicago daily, his first instructions to his editorial staff were to abjure epithets in political writing, and to be sure that every criticism of a political antagonist be based upon justice. And in his last campaign for the mayoralty, when the attacks upon him by the allied press of the city exceeded in indecency anything Chicago politics had ever known, his own paper was consistently conducted upon the just and temperate rule he had formulated.

Early in August of 1887, Mr. Harrison, accompanied by his younger son William Preston and a young companion, left Chicago on his errand to put a girdle round the earth. His course lay westward, through British Columbia to Victoria, thence to Japan, then on through China, India, Siam, Ceylon and Southern Asia to the Red Sea, thence by the Suez Canal to Egypt, Turkey, Greece, and the better known states of Europe. The journey occupied about fifteen months, and its story is well told by Mr. Harrison himself in the bulky volume entitled "A Race with the Sun."

Had politics not engrossed Carter Harrison, he

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might have acquired almost equal celebrity as a traveller and writer of books of travel. The very quality of sympathy, of good-fellowship, which made him a power with the people also fitted him to reap the fullest possible fruits of travel. The indefinable magnetism which disarmed his enemies in his presence, and his native audacity enabled him to gather bits of information about the domestic manners, the intimate habits of foreign peoples, which would be unattainable to more reserved or less engaging tourists. One of his companions said of him that he would boldly enter a hut in Ceylon or Siam, examine the furniture and household utensils, play with the children, make friends with the parents, converse laboriously but always cheerfully, by the employment of signs and gestures, and emerge bearing a store of information and followed by the friendly adieus of the inmates, upon whose family circle he had intruded in a fashion which might well have awakened resentment. In all his travels it was the people themselves, rather than the wonders of nature or the great triumphs of art and architecture, which most engaged Harrison's attention. "I love to watch new people," he writes in one of his books of travel. "I visit cities more to look at and into their people, than at and into their edifices and shows." Was it not this ever-present interest in and sympathy with the people, and above all with the common people, that by some sort of subtile telepathy gave him his wonderful hold on the masses?

The volume which gives Mr. Harrison's own story of his "Race With the Sun" abounds with curious information, and is intensely readable from the first page to the last. But as a literary production it is open to serious criticism. Its faults are due in part to his own natural diffuseness, but chiefly to the method of its production, for its chapters were originally letters written to a Chicago newspaper, and abound in local and personal allusions. In the hands of some editor other than himself, these letters might readily have been condensed into a volume which would secure high place among popular books of travel; but the faculty of abridgment was not greatly developed in him, and his published volume retains too many of the journalistic qualities of the letters which constitute it. But withal it is a book of notable interest, — the sort of a book of travel which might well be written by a man who reproached a travelling companion for reading in the cars, saying with a sweep of the hand toward the car window, "There is the book for us to study now." It is the kind of a narrative of travel which one would expect from a traveller who always rode second class in India, because some of the British colonists had told him always to ride in first-class carriages, in order to avoid contact with the natives.

It was characteristic of Harrison that in all his travelling he kept an eye open for phenomena connected in any way with municipal government. In Japan we find him noting the character of the police

system of Tokio, and the methods of street-paving and road-building; in Cairo he studies the improved sanitation due to British rule; in Christiania the control of the liquor traffic interests him. An acute observer and a man of highly assimilative mind, he learned while on this comprehensive tour much which, if he had lived to complete his last term of public service, might have been incorporated in the municipal system of Chicago.

The picturesque quality in Japanese life appealed most strongly to the traveller. What could be more graphic than this description of street scenes, taken almost at random from his chapters on Japan? —

"Politeness is the one marked virtue of this people, — not a politeness of mere etiquette, though there is a great deal of that, and very studied and labored it is, but a politeness evidently coming from the heart, genuine and kindly, and extended to the laborer as well as to the gentleman. Women, children, and light-loaded men step aside with cheerful alacrity to let the poor jinrickisha man pass, which is most charming to behold. If he happens to jostle against one he is met with a joke. Not once have we yet seen a sullen or angry look from any one who was requested to give way. At home we would have been cursed or blackguarded dozens of times had we made the runs here done through densely crowded streets. When a large party is out in jinrickishas they follow each other in close proximity. If a bridge, rut, or bad place is encountered, the foremost man utters a cry, which is caught up by the next, and so on to the last, each evidently trying to lighten the labor of the others. At night each man carries a Japanese lantern. The effect of these in a long train is very bright in a dark, unlighted street, or on a suburban

road bending along a hillside. Added to this the cries of the men, the meeting of a hundred others, all rushing, bending, turning, and twisting, in the tortuous lanes or narrow crowded streets, you can readily see how charming such a run must be. The men in cities wear short, tight trunks from just above the hip to the upper thigh. They start out with a sort of tunic or shirt over the shoulders; if the weather be warm they throw off the upper covering as they run. In the country, instead of the trunk, is simply a clout about the loins, narrow and full in front, running between the legs in little more than a ribbon, and caught on a band over the hip. In full garb a party will start from a village or town. As they run, one after another the men strip off their light upper garment, and are stalwart, sweating Adams, clothed with a scanty fig-leaf. This is done, too, in the cities, by men drawing natives or loaded vehicles, but is to a considerable extent avoided by those who run for foreigners. In Tokio and here, those about foreign localities wear the trunks and close-fitting shirt, always blue, resembling our undershirts. This garb is ordered by the authorities out of respect to foreign ideas. The natives themselves, men or women, are not shocked by an almost naked man, and foreigners soon grow accustomed to it.

"I made my fastest run with a couple of splendid fellows when going at night to call upon Viscount Yoshida, formerly minister to America. The distance was long. The men started out clothed. When and how I did not observe, but as they ran I found them almost stark naked, and reeking in sweat. It is a novel sight to see a dozen wagons with their twenty-four men ahead of you, with calves of great muscularity, and legs finely formed, only a little bowed, owing to the habit of sitting on their haunches instead of on chairs. The streets here are in many localities densely packed, and not over twelve feet wide. Lanterns hang from every store. People carry gay lanterns at

night. They move about a great deal, like bees about a hive. The kuruma (rickisha) men moving in and out among these, add greatly to the picturesqueness of the scene.

" . . . Every class of people seems engaged (I mean not the noble, but the people), and all ages do their share towards the common support, men, women, boys, and girls. Children under ten are the merriest, laughingest, busiest little bodies imaginable. One can almost pronounce this the paradise of the young. They are in a profusion I never saw elsewhere. They are as thick as flies, and flies here are as abundant as the sands on the seashore. Children are in the shops and stores where their parents are at work. Indeed, one would almost think that in the finer stores little ones are kept tricked out in their nicest to make the places attractive. In the streets they are running, skipping, and jumping everywhere. Babies are strapped to the backs of their mothers, or of sisters scarcely larger than themselves. One often sees a dozen or two boys and girls under ten at all sorts of play, one half of them having babies on their backs. Oftentimes when the little nurses are playing regular romps the little ones are sound asleep, their heads hanging down and flopping from side to side as if their little necks would break.

" Here in front of the hotel, when the tide was out, I saw hundreds early one morning seeking mussels, mosses, and seaweed. Little fellows not over ten, with babies strapped to them, were wading about gathering shell-fish. When they would stoop on hands and knees the baby would almost stand on its head. I can say I have seen hundreds and have as yet heard but three babies crying. Little ones of two and three years sometimes have dolls strapped to them. Not once have I seen a doll in the arms. The children are nurses to a greater extent in the country and in villages, than in the cities. For there the mothers are at work in the fields. In the cities, where a certain amount

of education is nearly universal, children over six years old are at school. We went to a private school at Tokio. Having left our shoes at the entrance, we were kindly, and in fact, rather proudly received by the teacher and his girl assistant. In one room some thirty little ones were squatted down. The teacher had upon a blackboard a translation from one of our Readers. It was the story of a little boy who did not like to go to school, but preferred to play and ride the donkey; at least that is what our guide said it was.

" . . . But I suspect it will interest the youthful yet more to tell how these little fellows learn to write. In one room was a writing class. They, too, were small ones, — some, I thought, under six. The order of the tenshi (mikado) is, that none younger than that age should go to school, but their parents smuggle them in to keep them out of mischief. They are all squatted in pairs at a rough board, which served for a desk. Each child had a lot of coarse paper, with a string through one end of the sheets. This is a book. They do not write with a pen, but with a small brush like a water color brush, only rather more pointed. With this they write, not from the left to the right and on the top of the paper, but on the right side of the paper from top to bottom. Their letters resemble the characters seen on a tea-chest. They use some forty-eight Chinese characters with their own letters. These signs express not only a whole word, but now and then short sentences. It was funny to see a beginner making his letters. One little fellow covered the half of his sheet with one or two. The page looked as if a web-footed bird or a cat had stepped from the ink upon the copy. And one toddler had nearly as much ink on his face and hands as upon his paper. They do not use blotters or let the paper dry; their writing paper is porous, and sucks up the ink as fast as it is written.

" After ten or twelve years of age, the poorer children do their share of work to support themselves and their

families. They work in the fields and in the shops, and help their fathers to pull and push. One sees a twelve-year-old boy at an oar, doing his full share of the work of sculling while his father or employer pushes the other. Parents are devoted to their children. Obedience and assistance are demanded of the latter to their parents. If a man dies before his son is of age, the eldest son is exempted from military service, because he must take care of his mother and younger brothers and sisters. In the evening one frequently sees a man walking with a baby in his arms. He is resting the mother, or letting her prepare the evening meal. . . . We have been a month in the country, and all the time among its people. We have passed through thirteen towns and cities, with population of from 5,000 to 1,300,000 and through many hamlets and villages of 300 or 400 people up to 2,000 and 3,000. We have passed vast acreage of cultivated fields, and seen many thousands of people engaged in their daily vocations. We have slept in their houses and eaten of their food. We have seen them reeking in sweat, but never in filth. We have seen them in hilarious mirth, but never once in violent anger. We have seen them in their nakedness, but never once in anything like lewdness. We have seen them in toiling poverty, but have never seen a single look of sullenness or of despair. We have seen them in abject poverty; we have never seen them begging alms, except in a few instances of total blindness and decrepit age. We have seen them in every way shocking all preconceived ideas of decency and modesty, yet we have never noticed a single look or expression which would show that any one was aware things were being done which modesty would forbid. We have seen children without a stitch of clothing covering them, playing with others gotten up in their holiday finery. We have seen a man pause from his work, with only a hand's breadth of cloth about his loins, and talk with a neighbor in his richest visiting clothes, and the naked man

wore as lofty a mien of dignity as his companion did in his robes. We have met women in the highway, naked down to the hips, and saw no look that betokened a single thought of shame, and within a few hundred yards we would meet a beautiful, well-clothed woman whose eyes would drop in pretty modesty because we gave her a look of involuntary admiration. There is here no such thing as conventional decency or conventional modesty."

It was characteristic of Carter Harrison to note with such interest the children at play and at work. Characteristic too is this exordium in which he bids farewell to Japan, and recalls the memory of the wife of his youth: —

"We sailed out of Nagasaki's beautiful harbor, close under rocky Paffenburg, where so many Christians were hurled to their death. We watched the land as it receded, and then I sat down to my work and have worked hard all day. And now, late at night, I close this letter and thus end my visit to the Land of the Rising Sun. Three months ago to-day we left Chicago to commence our race with old Sol. It was with expectations of pleasure to be enjoyed, and yet with no small misgivings at thus parting with those we loved. Six weeks ago to-day, late in the afternoon, the typhoon had gone to the eastward, its angry centre, fortunately for us, having passed some miles to the south, and many of us were on deck looking to the west, hoping to be able ere nightfall to cry, 'Land ho!' The sun was struggling to drive away the clouds lying between him and the earth, and by fits and starts shot down his pale gray rays. The low clouds were racing wildly along, chasing each other like mad coursers. Within a few degrees of the western horizon there were no clouds, but the air was so full of spray that the sun sank downward red as a ball of blood. We kept our eyes fixed upon his bloodshot face,

for the captain told us we would probably see land just as he would dip below the horizon. He dipped lower and lower, when our skipper quietly said: 'See, there's land!' And lo! across the sun's lower disk there was drawn a zigzag line of a broken mountain range, and close to the left was lifted the clear-cut cone of mighty Fujii, seventy-two miles away. It was thus we first saw Japan, — to us the land of the setting sun. For six weeks we have journeyed in and about that land, among its light-hearted, its strange and incongruous people; its cheerful and happy, its bright and generous, loving and modest people; its down-trodden and toiling, its suspicious and immoral, revengeful and innocent people; for they seem to possess all of these contradictory characteristics. We have wandered among and have studied them as best we could. In spite of their glaring faults we like them, almost love them. And this morning, as the sun was gilding the heights about Nagasaki harbor, we came out from among them and cried as we passed Paffenburg's bloody rocks, 'Farewell, good Japanese, good-bye!' For six weeks we have wandered among the mountains and valleys of the land, its dark gorges and terraced slopes, its forest-clad heights and grain covered plains. We have wondered and admired. We have been happy, where birds are without note and insects make nights musical; where wild-flowers deck mountain and valley, forest and prairie, flowers of every form and of every hue, but none of them endowed with fragrance, or ever inviting the bee to sip from their cups; a land where frowning crags and dark gorges were made to strike terror to, and wring awe from, the bravest heart, yet clothed in trees and shrubs and mantled in garlands, bid the youthful swain and gentle maid to wander in dreams and to sigh for rosy love. We have been happy, yet the happiness of one of us was all the time tinged with sadness.

"Thirty-six years ago he had wandered afoot and alone

over Alpine heights and through Alpine valleys. Before him then there was life and its gilded hopes. He looked upward and was filled with gladness, for he could sing, —

> 'The bravest and brightest that ever was sung,
> Shall be, and must be, the lot of the young.'

"He was alone, and yet never alone. By his side was one of his fancy's creation, — gentle, loving, dark-eyed, and caressing, who would yet look with him upon all he now so much enjoyed. His every look was then upward. His sun was always climbing and gilding the lofty pinnacles. There, clothed in garments woven of sunbeams, was the being who was to make his years years of brightness. He was alone and yet never alone, and never sad, for there was always the reflection in his heart of a glorious to-morrow. But here in Japan, in the midst of the beautiful, there came through the pine needles a gentle dirge and a sweet, sad song of the past. There was, and could be, no loving eye to look upon and revel in the dreamland around. There was not, and never could be again, a loving heart, real or in fancy, to beat in tune to his own pulsations. There was not, and never could be again, a gentle voice in loving tones to whisper, 'Hope and live, live and hope, for there will yet be in this world a bright and rosy to-morrow.'

"This afternoon we three, the only passengers of our good ship, stood upon the deck, and as the sun hurried down to the west, looked earnestly to the east for one more, one last sight of the land we left. The captain told us that we would see no more land until the Chinese islands should lift up from the sea. But we looked, and far off there rose a point — a mere point. It was a mountain cone on the westernmost of the mikado's islands. We looked, and as the last ray of the setting sun gilded its far-off height, one of us sighed: 'Farewell, Niphon, Land of the Rising Sun! Farewell, Japan, land of dreams! Good-bye!'"

Like most travellers, Harrison found much of interest, but little to admire in China. He notes the ceaseless industry of the people, their stolidity, their filial devotion and their cleanliness, but the flowery kingdom clearly had but little charm for him, and he passed on, with but brief delay, to Siam. Here he had audience with the king, — an honor seldom vouchsafed to unofficial wayfarers. Proceeding on his way from Siam, he with his companions made a voyage from Singapore in a steam launch in search of the equator, the story of which may well be told in his own language: —

"Our launch was swift. The day was glorious. Fleecy clouds were scattered over the heavens from the zenith to horizon, — not enough to shut out the soft blue sky, but every few moments veiling the sun and sheltering us from his too hot rays. The speed of our craft gave us a gentle breeze, and, above all, we were in the highest spirits. We entered the archipelago through a narrow pass opposite Singapore, and hour after hour were in the midst of scenes of surpassing loveliness. Now we were on a broad lake a mile in diameter, mirroring upon its placid waters the islands around. These were fringed all along the water's edge with mangrove-trees of beautiful green, their roots standing in the water six to ten feet high, like spider legs beneath the bodies of the trees. They looked like monster insects, and when the swell on the glass-smooth water from our little craft would run toward them, their thousands of long legs would be reflected, and would bend and dance upon the mirrory waves. Above and behind this fringe the islands would lift fifty, one hundred, or two hundred feet, clothed in dense forests, their leafy tops so thick and bunched that they looked like masses of emerald spun and

then woven into tufted fabrics. Some tropical travellers speak of the sameness of the green about the equator, and declare it greatly inferior to the variety shown in northern zones. So far, I have not found this well founded, — certainly not in these one thousand islands. There was every tint, from pale pea-green to one that was almost black in its waxy depth; from the ashy dye of the olive leaf to the transparent emerald green caught from the breast of a breaking sea wave.

"From the fairy lakes there would apparently be no outlet, — all was landlocked. But see yonder little creek! We bend into it, and scudding along a narrow green sea-river, lo! the creek spreads, and there before us lifts a conical little island, with a narrow shore-line of golden sands. Then into another lake studded with little islets, some barely large enough to furnish foothold for a single tree, whose spreading branches kiss the rippling waters beneath. One could almost fancy he saw a boat of mother-of-pearl shell moored to a twig, with a fairy occupant sleeping in the shade. Now and then we passed close to native villages on some of the larger islands, with low palm-walled and palm-roofed huts lifted upon bamboo piles, and children laughing and romping in the cocoa-nut groves in which the village would be nestled. Every hut in this land is lifted up as a protection against venomous serpents and carnivorous beasts, and for coolness. Tigers swim from island to island, and have a tooth for young human flesh.

"Sometimes the villages were piled out over the water; about these, tiny fishing canoes, with a shining native in each, were to be seen gliding about and among the spidery roots of the mangrove trees, through which the rays of the sun never pierce. If it be not the loveliest sail in the world, it was certainly the most so of any I had enjoyed. The Thousand Islands of the St. Lawrence and the inland sea of Japan are as much inferior to this as they are superior to the islands in the upper Mississippi."

One is tempted to quote extravagantly from this always interesting record of travel. One more excerpt from that part of it dealing with the wilder regions visited must suffice. It illustrates that quality of audacity coupled with easy good-fellowship in Carter Harrison's nature already referred to: —

"When we first looked upon the lofty mountains of Cashmir, there was a long line of fleecy clouds hanging over them. One of us could not resist the temptation of calling them 'the veil of Cashmir.' At the crossing of the Jhelum we were close to the border of the land of bright valleys and brilliant shawls. We would have been glad to have visited it, but its road was barricaded with almost impenetrable snows. We had a letter from Lord Dufferin, bespeaking for us the good offices of all officials throughout his empire. Armed with this, upon our arrival here, we called upon the deputy-commissioner, and asked a permit to go into the Khyber Pass, leading into the land of the Ameer, as far as possible. The result was that, accompanied by one of his native officials, we drove eleven miles to the fort at the foot of the mountains. Here we found our liverymen had sent a relay of horses to carry us part of the way up the pass, where we expected to find saddle-horses, also sent from the city early in the morning. Accompanied by an escort of eight cavalry, splendidly mounted and carrying lances, we dashed toward and into the foothills. On every high point for a few miles, a couple of soldiers would step from a little stone hut and present arms as we passed by at full speed. Sometimes these sentries were one hundred or two hundred feet above us. They made us realize that we were in a neighborhood where dread war might at any hour break into wild whoops and where border robbers were more than comfortably plenty. But our escort were splendid-looking fellows, and were

fully armed. We passed a caravan of camels, mules, and cows, all packed and accompanied by wild-looking armed men.

"We had not gone two miles upward into the mountain road before our carriage horses balked. We got out and walked. One of the soldiers dismounted and offered me his horse, a beautiful stallion, full of mettle and horse-sense. I mounted and rode ahead with two soldiers, the others coming slowly up with the boys till they should reach the next relay. The pass is through a wild, desolate, and grand gorge; bold, rocky, and bleak mountains lifting far above the road, which is a fine but steep military one. My two 'Sikhs' were splendid-looking fellows. In about an hour, having crossed the summit of the pass, one of them said something to the 'sahib' (gentleman), which I understood to be that I must ride slowly. He dashed forward at full speed (we were now on a down grade), leaving the other soldier and myself to follow slowly. We met men in couples, armed and wild looking. Wilder looking men and a wilder gorge do not often exist anywhere. Several rocky points had small Afghan round-houses, with loop-holes for muskets or rifles. I guessed rightly that my departing escort had gone forward to see if we would be permitted to proceed, for I felt pretty sure from what the commissioner had told me that my permit only took us to the top of the pass. The corporal knew this, but the men with me did not, and it was not imperatively my duty to tell them. I was going as far into Afghanistan as they would accompany me, for I knew England was at my back. Presently we saw our advanced guard beckoning us from a far-off point. On we dashed. We reached a little stone hut against a deep precipice. My men dismounted, motioning me to do the same. They brought out of the hut a chair, and planting it against the cliff told me to take a seat. Hardly had I done so than there came down a steep hill, from a sort of fortress high above, a fine-looking fellow,

with a dozen wild-looking armed retainers. It was the chief of the tribe, the head of Ali Musjed. When he approached I grasped the situation. He was an independent chief, in whose charge and keeping was this part of the pass. I received him with a dignity worthy of the 50,000 Democratic voters of Chicago. He was very polite, but could not speak a word of English, nor could any one of them. Yet we talked. I showed him Lord Dufferin's passport, and also that with Mr. Bayard's name attached, with the seal of my own glorious land. He could read none of them. I picked up a large round stone, made a mark upon it, and said, 'Peshawur;' another, and said 'Calcutta,' giving their relative positions. He understood. I then made another, and said 'England,' 'London.' This, too, he comprehended. I turned the stone over and drew a big country, and said 'America.' I made America too large, for he looked at me in a way that plainly told me he thought I was lying. I then drew a pretty big chart, and pointed to it, and told him that it was Ali Musjed, where we were, and that he was rajah of it. He grinned. I turned the stone around, and with my pencil made a mark the size of a pea, and told him that it was Chicago, and that I was its 'rajah.' He seemed pleased that his territory was bigger than mine, and motioned to me to be seated. I wanted him to sit, trying to explain that his rajahship on the stone was bigger than mine. But he was my host, and I must have the seat. He invited me to his stronghold on the hill to partake of food. I showed him my watch, intimating that I was sorry not to have the time, and that my companions would be awaiting me. We shook hands, he touching his heart, face, and forehead. This is the token of highest respect. I suppose my escort had convinced him that I was a mighty man. Thus parting with the lord of the territory of Ali Musjed, we rode forward, deeper into the great Khyber Pass, and well into Afghanistan.

"We reached Ali Musjed, a bold-looking Afghan fortress,

and as picturesque as can be imagined, perched upon a lofty, rocky point, overlooking the gorge not fifty feet wide, through which the road ran. It was stormed by Roberts' men, and is now dismantled. By the road under it was a stone hut, large enough, I thought, for four or five people. A dozen armed cutthroat-looking fellows came out of it. They were some of the chief's wild devils who convoy caravans through the pass. The chief is under the pay of the government, and guarantees safety to all peaceful passers who have a right to go through. After a little palaver with them, my guard intimated we could go no farther. But I rode on, one of them threw his lance lengthwise across the road and followed. I saw then that an English soldier could not pass that line. I suppose it was the end of our last chief's jurisdiction. But I made signs I must ride a little further into the narrow gorge. He looked rather perplexed, but followed me. On I galloped until the line of Ali Musjed was far behind me, and I was in a narrow defile as bold, wild, and rugged as any Colorado canyon. My escort was some paces behind me, for I was splendidly mounted. He called to me. I paused. He rode up and pointed to my holsters and his, saying something rather apologetic in his own language. I saw he meant we wore English arms, even if his lance were behind; but I was going through that defile a little farther if possible. I dashed forward. It was a beautiful gallop, almost a wild run, into as wild a pass as the wildest of lands could afford."

India, Ceylon, and Egypt visited, the travellers passed on into Europe. At Athens the Yale graduate renewed the classical interests of his student days, and noted, too, that in the thirty-five years which had passed since his earlier visit to the Attic capital, the city had greatly improved, — a strange

latter day finish upon a town whose chief glories are relics of a civilization dead for centuries. From Athens the party fared on to Constantinople, which produced on Harrison the effect of a modern Babel. "Here," he writes, —

"one jostles against groups of Englishmen as thoroughly English as if living within the sound of Bow bells; Frenchmen, who look as if they sipped their coffee and absinthe every evening on the boulevards; Germans who have just blown the cream from their lager; Italians, who are happy on a frugal meal of macaroni; Levantine Greeks, noisy and full of swagger and bad wine; Arabs, stately and dignified, conscious that they alone have the right to cry 'Illaha-il Allah;' Armenians, with long noses patterned after a vulture's beak, who can give a Jew two in five and win every time; Albanians, whose bed-fellows are their swords and daggers, and who think a fight in the dark more agreeable than a feast; Tripolitans, who wear green turbans, claiming to be the real descendants of the prophet, and pining for battle in his cause; Turkomans and Kurds, who claim for their country the land they can see beneath the vault of the sky; Africans from south of the Sahara and about the springs of the Nile, who wear slashes and gashes for jewels, and consider long scars on their cheeks their gems; Bulgarians, heavy and stupid, whose every breath is a hurricane of garlic; and Russians, whose dream is that the Greek cross may supplant the crescent on St. Sophia's dome."

It was the unaccustomed path which these travellers sought; so, turning eastward from Constantinople, they voyaged to Varna, a Bulgarian city on the Black Sea, whence they proceeded by rail to

Bucharest and Buda-Pesth. At the latter city the writer chronicles a characteristic incident: —

"I was in Fisher's huge magazine the other day at Buda-Pesth, admiring his exquisite majolicas. His salesman stopped me while bargaining, that we might go to the door to listen to a grand band, and to see several regiments marching by. 'Es ist schön, nicht wahr, mein Herr?' 'Yah wohl' I replied. 'Those fellows could kill a great many Russians in a day, and a big crowd of unruly Hungarians in a minute.' He understood me, and for a while seemed to be thinking. He then asked me if we had many soldiers. I told him about 30,000, 'but then we have a population of only 60,000,000.' I cannot help it, though it is none of my business, but I cannot enjoy looking at a grand parade of men paid to kill, especially in Europe, where kings pretend to be followers of Him whose mission on earth was one of 'love and peace.'"

So on through Austria, Hungary, and Russia, — getting a taste of Russian autocracy in the last named country, — to Sweden, Norway, and Denmark. We must dismiss, without quoting or recounting, the many incidents of this portion of the tour. But when Germany was reached, the veteran Chicago executive enjoyed what has fallen to the lot of but very few American travellers, — entertainment by Bismarck at Friedrichsruhe. The prince, confronted by serious social questions in his own State, had heard of Mayor Harrison's treatment of the so-called anarchists in Chicago, and desired to see the man who had shown, in such a critical moment, so much tact and firmness. The incidents of the interview may best be told in Mr. Harrison's own words: —

"I had been in the room a few minutes when the countess, looking out of the window, exclaimed: 'Ah, there comes papa!' laying stress upon the last syllable, and at the same time leaving the front of the window for me. The ladies all arose and stood somewhat to the side, but so as to see out. Some fifty or more yards from the house, I saw coming out of the park wood a man fully six feet tall, broad-shouldered, full, but not corpulent, wearing a low-crowned soft felt hat, a full white cravat folded about his neck in old style, without shirt-collar, plain dark clothes, the coat rather carelessly buttoned — walking slowly towards the house with stately measured strides, and accompanied by two noble greyhounds, fat and dignified, keeping by his side with such even step that I could almost fancy they were measuring their gait by that of their master. I looked at him silently until he was within a few feet of the house. I noticed that his daughter was watching my face intently, and, I fancied, almost anxiously. I said, half as if in soliloquy: 'He will be able to keep Russia and Austria at arm's-length for years to come.' A glow of pleasure spread over the daughter's face. I then understood the expression I had noticed a few moments before. She had been watching me to see how his physical appearance affected me. He soon entered the room, shook hands with me almost warmly, saying he was glad that I had come, for I had done good service, and he was pleased to tell me that he and all lovers of law were indebted to me. I at once understood why he had done me the honor of inviting me to his house. The princess repeated what I had said of his strength. He said he was glad I thought so well of his powers. After a few moments spent in his telling the ladies, who were interested listeners, of his walk in the forest, which had been somewhat extended, he offered his arm to the Countess Stalberg. The princess placed her hand upon my arm. We followed her husband to the breakfast-room. Bismarck took the head of the

table, with Countess Stalberg at his right, Count Rantzau at the foot, the princess and her daughter sitting opposite each other on the middle sides, the other ladies between them and the foot, and I between the prince and princess. The dining-room was handsome, but plain. The breakfast consisted of tenderloin steaks, cutlets, cold meat, and omelets, with red and white wines, followed by black coffee, and was finely prepared. Conversation at once became lively and wholly free, and was carried on in German and in English, which the prince at first spoke with a little hesitation, but afterwards with fluency and purity, and with slight accent. When I spoke in German and hesitated for a word, Countess Rantzau frequently came to my relief in a most charming manner. In this way the princess and I were enabled to keep up our share of the talking. In reply to a question as to the wine I preferred, I said I was fortunate in liking all pure wines, but I found certain kinds had a tendency to cause a gouty thickening of my fingers. 'So they do with me,' said the prince, at the same time holding up both hands and working his fingers by opening and shutting them, adding that he had not much faith in doctors, but that his understood his case, and interdicted any but white wine, and of that very sparingly; but that he was very fond of old hock, but it did not go well with him now, and he was forced to drink a newer one, and then only at dinner. Socialism was spoken of. The prince showed his hostility to it, but thought we would not suffer from it in America, for our great political parties made no alliances with it. I said that they voted for members of one or the other parties, that, 'at one of my elections they had voted largely for me.' 'Is that so? Then you were very ungrateful.' I said he was mistaken; that we got some good reforms from them, and he should not confound the socialists with us with the anarchists; that they came together and ran with the same machine when the eight-hour movement

was inaugurated; that socialism with us was not radical as in Germany, and could not become dangerous, because the poor man acquiring property soon became conservative. 'Yes, I know,' he rejoined, 'but the leaders are innately bad, and only want to gain for themselves, and care not for the cost; and many, possibly the bulk, of the followers were simply blind!' During the breakfast I endeavored to bring up as many topics as possible, and I think the Chancellor saw my intent, and assisted me by readily going from one subject to another. The princess turned the conversation to my travels. I said: 'I had been many times in Europe; had seen Mont Blanc, and had gone to Asia, and had seen Mount Everest. I had been to the Caucasus to see Elbruz, and was now in Germany' — I paused, which caused all to look up at me, when I added — 'to see Bismarck.' The ladies laughed and applauded. He bowed with an amused smile. I told him how much good my travels had done me, and suggested to him the propriety of his going around the world. He said he was too old and had too much to do; that he belonged to his country, and that as long as it demanded his services he could not think of rest. I told him I had found great relaxation, when the cares of office were pressing, by going to the circus or the minstrels, where I could laugh. 'Ah!' said he, grimly, 'the newspapers afford me comedy enough.' 'Yes,' I rejoined, 'and I see they charge you with inconsistency because you claim a freeman's right to change your mind.' 'Of course I change my mind when I find I have been wrong, and I also hold my opinions, against those of all others even, when I am certain that I am right.' I asked if the old emperor was not a very firm man. 'Yes, firm almost to obstinacy on matters he thoroughly understood, but on most matters of state, he confided greatly in those who had charge of them. He was very trustful of those who had his confidence.' He then spoke somewhat at large, very feelingly, of William I. I

told him that we were in Ceylon when the news of his death reached us, and that a rumor had gotten abroad that the crown prince had asked for his, Bismarck's, resignation, and I was asked what I thought of it. He looked up quickly and said: 'What did you reply?' 'I told them Frederick had too much sense for that.' The old Chancellor's eyes kindled when he straightened himself up and said: 'Mr. Harrison, my sovereigns have always demanded my services, for they knew I was ever ready to retire. I have been but the people's servant.' I told him of our hearing of Emperor Frederick's death at Vladikavkas, and I was pleased by the regret expressed by officers we met on the mountains. 'Ah, yes,' said Bismarck, rather sardonically, 'they had an idea he would change his father's policy. In that they were mistaken.' Speaking of a distinguished man whom I liked, he said: 'He is amiable enough, but a fool in politics; a bad politician, and gave us any amount of trouble.' 'You believe, then, in such a thing as a good politician?' 'Why, certainly I do. No man can be a successful statesman unless he be, too, an astute politician.' A paper just engrossed (I now suspect the memorial presented three days afterwards to the emperor, urging the prosecution of Prof. Geffcken) was laid on the table. He said: 'You see, Mr. Mayor, I am down here in retirement and yet I have to work. I have not failed to work a single day in twenty-odd years.' The princess interjected, 'For twenty-six years.' 'Yes, for twenty-six years, not a single day.' 'Let me suggest that your Highness take a rest and travel incognito.' He rejoined: 'I don't know, I have been too busy; I am afraid I could not bear the rust.' 'And,' I interjected, 'a little afraid also to be where you cannot have your finger in the European pie.' He smiled at the sally, but the ladies all laughed heartily, and Countess Stalberg added: 'The pie would be a poor affair if his fingers were out of it.' I said I, too, had feared rust, and to prevent

it had written very largely of what I had seen; that it was sometimes hard labor and yet a rest from the past; and then told him that Dr. von Rottenberg had enjoined upon me silence as to this visit, but that I hoped that he would release me from the obligation; that our people, and particularly my German friends, would be delighted to hear of what I saw and heard at his table. 'Well, yes, I suppose so;' adding that the doctor did not wish him to hurt the feelings of others by refusing to see them, but that he wished to see me because I had helped to bring the anarchists to justice. I laughed and told him the political papers had bitterly attacked me because I had not arrested them in advance when they made their violent speeches, and thus prevented the Haymarket crime. He quickly said: 'You did just right; you were not afraid, but you struck at the proper moment.' He evidently was familiar with that bitter night. He then inquired particularly about the acts of the authorities after the terrible crime, and I saw that he did not agree with me in drawing a broad line between the anarchists and socialists. I told him that I had been present when Wilhelm had landed at Peterhof, and how I had been impressed with his bearing, and that Petersburgers were flattered by his driving about unattended by guards, and that I thought the czar made a mistake in showing a want of confidence. He exclaimed, 'Yes, his father showed confidence and got killed for it.' The princess interjected: 'Poor man! I do not wonder that he feels uneasy.' 'They have a bad habit in Russia,' said the prince, 'a bad habit of trying to kill kings; since Peter the Great's time they have run that way.' I told him how during the anarchist troubles I had received letters written in blood, but that wholly unattended I had ridden in the most excited districts. 'Yes, yes, but you were in America and among Americans, and not in Russia.' I spoke of the well-dressed people about his gate waiting to get a peep at him. He said: 'He was a

worker, and did not like to make a show of himself, and that when the emperor was visiting Friedrichsruhe a few weeks before, crowds of people came on the road hoping to see him, but that he, too, said he had lately had enough of that kind of thing.' When coffee and cigars came on, I laughingly exclaimed: 'We in America think that Bismarck knows the American hog, and that if he lets it get over the frontier it will stay at the German table, but that perhaps he did not know the American man so well that when one gets to Prince Bismarck's table he would never know when to leave.' He laughed heartily and explained the pork question to the ladies, who at first looked rather shocked at the first part of the joke. He then said he would have to go to work shortly, but he would give me all the time he possibly could. I told him that I had to disobey Dr. von Rottenberg's injunction by telling my son, who was travelling with me, of my visit, but that Willie told me to say to him that his constant silence and eternal gratitude could be had if the prince would write a line and sign his name to it. He laughed at the young man's device to get his autograph. He said he might possibly write his name but not the line. I added we might then put a dangerous line over the name. 'I see, it might be a due bill, but we will block that game. Tell your son if he will hang an anarchist, I will write an autograph letter to him.' He then had some photographs brought to the table, and selected a large one, and wrote his name under it and the date, saying: 'Keep that to remind you of this pleasant day.'"

From Berlin the homeward trip was swift. France and England had little that was new to show the veteran traveller. His mind had already passed back to that lusty city on the shores of the great unsalted sea, from which he had been absent now for more

than a year. There were his friends, — the personal intimates whom he numbered by scores, the political supporters whom he might count by thousands. There lay his future, — a future more brilliant than at the moment he could have possibly imagined. Back, therefore, to the Chicago which had been his home for nearly forty years he sped with but little delay, reaching it in November, 1888. A great popular welcome awaited him. Though out of office, a mere private citizen, he was received with all the pomp and circumstance due a high official.

Without incentive from him, there had sprung up in his absence a sentiment in favor of his renomination for the mayoralty in the election of the approaching spring. The administration of the Republican mayor, carried into office by the anarchist scare and the refusal of Harrison to be a candidate, had failed to win popular approval. There seemed to be a fair chance of replacing Mayor Roche with a Democrat, and the large personal following of Harrison began thus early to urge his re-entrance upon public life. Nothing was further from his thoughts than a return to the activities of politics, but the first problem which confronted him on his arrival at home was how to satisfy the friendly importunities of the men who had stood shoulder to shoulder with him in the hard-fought campaigns of the past.

CHAPTER VIII.

TWO CAMPAIGNS.

TWICE, while in the full heyday of political success, Carter Harrison went before the people seeking election to honorable office, and was defeated. The long history of his victories has now been recounted almost to its end. The story of his defeats must be told. It will be the more interesting in the telling, because of the fact that his very defeats were victories. Though balked of the goal he sought, he made such extraordinary play for it, that his admirers have pointed to these defeats with but little less pride than they manifest in his greatest successes.

The story of Harrison's life must be retraced to the summer of 1884. He was then in his third term as mayor, and stronger than ever with the people. His fame had spread beyond the city limits. Democrats through the State of Illinois, and even beyond its borders, were looking toward him as a growing man in politics. His record had been one of almost uninterrupted successes. County commissioner, representative in Congress for two terms, mayor thrice, he had given up one office only to be

elected to a higher one by increased majorities. His name was widely mentioned for the vice-presidency, with Tilden, Bayard, or Butler in first place. He was even suggested, and that not obscurely, for the presidency of the United States. As for the governorship of Illinois, then about to be filled, it was conceded on all sides that he might have the Democratic nomination if he so desired, and that he would come as near as any Democrat possibly could to carrying the State.

Illinois, in 1884, was a reliably Republican State. The vote of Chicago — usually Democratic — was not then sufficiently heavy to overcome the enormous Republican majorities rolled up by the agricultural counties. No Democratic executive had been in power at Springfield since the ante-bellum period. Nor was there anything in the immediate situation to encourage a Democratic candidate for the governorship. It was a "presidential year," and, as is well known by observers of politics, at such seasons a nominally hostile majority is doubly hard to overcome. The last Republican nominee had been elected by a plurality of 38,000. In view of these facts, it was but natural that Mayor Harrison should have held aloof from the Democrats who were urging him to enter the contest.

While the chances, at this time, were but slight that a Democratic governor could be elected, there was a fair prospect of carrying the Legislature on joint ballot. A senator of the United States would

be selected by the Legislature about to be chosen, and the pledge that, in the event of defeat for governor, he should receive the Democratic caucus nomination for senator had much to do with persuading Harrison to enter the almost hopeless gubernatorial campaign. In response to repeated solicitations he finally said that though averse to accepting the nomination, he would do so if he had assurance that it was given him by the united Democracy of the State. But to make any effort to secure it he steadfastly refused. Nevertheless, his repeated and sweeping successes in Chicago made him what the professional politicians call the "logical candidate." As the date of the State convention approached, the enthusiasm for his candidacy so greatly increased that it affected him, and he plunged into the contest with characteristic energy. By the time the convention assembled there remained no doubt as to its action. The whole State was prepared to see the delegates ratify without serious controversy the nomination of Carter Harrison, which already had been made virtually by the people.

It was Harrison's common practice, in later years, to attend the conventions before which he was a candidate, and so the day of the Democratic State convention of 1884 found him in Springfield, and, at a critical point in the proceedings, he appeared on the floor armed with a proxy from an accommodating delegate.

The matter which led Harrison to adopt the au-

dacious device of appearing as a delegate in a convention which was morally certain to nominate him for the highest office in its gift, was the tariff issue, and his dread lest the convention should put in its platform a more radical "tariff for revenue only" plank than he could, in the face of his record, endorse. He was, as we have already seen, a moderate protectionist by life-long conviction. More than this, he was absolutely convinced of the impolicy of making anything except guarded and conservative pronouncement upon the tariff question. A thorough politician, he felt it better for the party to win with an evasive platform than to be beaten after sounding a stirring trumpet blast for tariff for revenue only. Accordingly, on reaching Peoria, his first demand was for a copy of the proposed platform. As he had anticipated, it declared for a tariff for revenue only, and directed the Illinois delegates to the national Democratic convention — which was to meet the ensuing week — to endeavor to have a like declaration incorporated in the national platform. That the declaration was made even more radical than the temper of the Illinois voters warranted, for the very purpose of making a platform which would deter Harrison from accepting the nomination, has always been charged by his friends, and there is much latent evidence in the proceedings of the convention to support the charge. He himself so construed the tariff resolution the moment he read it, and made vigorous protest in the committee on reso-

lutions, but to no avail; so he secured a delegate's proxy and prepared to carry the fight into the convention.

When the report of the committee on resolutions was read to the convention, Harrison suddenly appeared claiming the floor. There was an attempt to rush through the report without giving him a hearing, but the great body of the delegates, to whom his face was familiar, seeing him standing in his place calling upon the chairman, insisted that he be heard. It is within the facts to say that the convention, while friendly to Harrison, was a radical tariff reform gathering, and his protest against the proposed plank was therefore the more audacious. Rumors of the contest in the committee on resolutions had reached the delegates, and most of them knew that Harrison's appearance on the floor of the convention hall meant that the issue was to be fought out there. But they gave him an enthusiastic welcome, — so enthusiastic that, used as he was to political ovations, he was deeply moved by it. For several minutes he stood silent on the platform, while the cheers of the delegates made speech impossible, and when he lifted his voice to address them its tremor gave evidence of the depth of his emotion. The speech he then delivered must be regarded as one of the most important in occasion and in effect of his many public utterances. Only the newspaper summaries of it are obtainable, but the best of these gives its substance as follows: —

"After long years of Republican misrule, this State has a chance at last to win. I ask this convention to pause a moment before it pushes back the dawn now breaking upon us. I move you, Mr. Chairman, that that portion of the platform referring to the tariff question be referred to the National Convention, for the sake of harmony and success. I boldly proclaim my motive and speak for Democracy and success. The National Convention will be composed of the most earnest, most intelligent men the party possesses. I believe that that convention will act wisely and give us a platform that will allow us to win.

"It is immaterial to say what I think, but I believe a tariff levied for the sake of protection is robbery. I believe, under the Constitution of the United States, we have no right to impose a tariff except for revenue; but when we do lay a tariff, it must be on the luxuries, and so that the burden should not be laid on the necessaries of life and monopolies not fostered. Now, my friends who lean toward free trade, — let me say to you, however, there are others who think themselves just as good Democrats who do not go so far with you, — let me say to you the city from whence I come, and where I have by counsel and other offices helped to roll up a majority of 10,000, which was before 8,000 against us, there are several districts in my neighborhood, notably the Third, Fourth, and Fifth, in which fully one half the Democrats do not believe in a tariff for revenue only. Yes, I will go further, and say nearly one half believe in fostering American industries. Not one half will go to the extreme of tariff for revenue only. When we have a chance to win, shall we throw success over our shoulders? Can the Democrats of Illinois win without Cook County?

"I commend the platform in two points particularly, — its length, and the fact that what is mentioned is covered well. Don't throw success away. The principles of the Democratic party are undying. It has been said we are

about to die; but our opponents, who are living on and in the hope of spoils, will find that we are far from dead. They want us to die, but on account of those undying principles we will live and will win. I believe our State will not only go Democratic on the Presidential, but also on the State ticket. In 1880 Mr. Garfield carried Chicago by 8,500 majority on a Democratic tariff for revenue only. Yet five months after that time, on the Democratic principle, I was elected by 8,000 majority, and in the spring of 1883 I was elected by 10,000. Now, do you intend to throw away this advantage?

"I commend the Democratic members in Congress — Morrison, Springer, and the rest — for their efforts to reduce war taxation, but let us commence winning again. We all may have our own ideas, but I am not in favor of such an ultra clause.

"I move you, Mr. Chairman, that all that part referring to a tariff for revenue only, and demanding that the State vote as a unit on the subject, be referred to the National Convention."

This speech created the wildest excitement in the convention. William R. Morrison, in later years a member of the Interstate Commerce Commission, and General John M. Palmer, afterwards United States senator from Illinois, took violent exceptions to Mr. Harrison's views. There was prolonged and feverish debate of the question, but finally the mayor's amendments were incorporated in the platform. Then he was nominated for the governorship, and the convention adjourned, but not without some ill feeling on the part of the more radical anti-protectionists. They left the hall threatening vengeance. Harrison for his part held that in forcing the modi-

fication of the tariff plank he had accomplished perhaps the cleverest political *coup* of his career. He was wholly sincere in his opinion of the temper of the people, and dreaded the anger of the free-traders far less than he did the opposition of the voters to a candidate standing on a "tariff for revenue only" platform. To the end of his life he believed that the tariff plank as originally formulated was conceived by his enemies for the purpose of accomplishing his defeat. And, indeed, there was among certain Democratic leaders in portions of the State distant from Chicago a hostility to him which would stop at nothing necessary to compass his defeat, — a hostility summed up in the sneering remark of a very prominent Democrat as the convention adjourned: "Well, Harrison has nominated himself; we 'll let him see if he can elect himself."

The Republicans, however, did not put reliance in the rumors of disaffection in the Democratic party. They recognized in Harrison a dangerous antagonist, and selected to meet him probably the most popular man in Republican State politics, Richard J. Oglesby. Another Illinoisan of widespread popularity, General John A. Logan, was on the Republican national ticket, so that never before or since were the inducements for a full Republican vote in the State greater. The situation which confronted Harrison then was disaffection in his own party, — the Chicago Democratic press against him for governor, as it had always been against him for mayor, and the Republicans, united

and harmonious, following two of the most popular and masterly leaders their party in Illinois had ever produced. Undaunted by the odds, however, he plunged into the contest. Illinois was not thought a profitable field for work by the national Democratic committee that year, and the burden of the campaign for the Presidency, as well as of his own campaign, fell principally on Harrison. He was sent from town to town, all over the State, travelling night and day, speaking in rural opera houses, at county fairs, at picnics, and at barbecues. In the light of later events, it seems proper to note that such of his speeches as have been preserved in the newspapers show that he gave prime place and importance to the Presidential ticket. His addresses in this campaign were of even more purely transient interest than most of his political papers, and hardly repay publication. He attacked Republican management of State institutions, and declared that long domination of the State by a single political party could not fail to lead to serious abuses. In his treatment of the national issues he was vigorous, except in discussing the tariff. Upon that point he seemed always to feel the necessity of assuring his hearers that under no circumstances would the Democratic party wholly abandon the principle of protection.

Election day demonstrated the efficiency of Harrison's efforts, as well as the wisdom with which he had taken his position. He was defeated, as was

almost inevitable, but he cut down the majority of 37,033 by which Governor Cullom had been elected four years before to 14,599. He ran ahead of his associates on the State ticket by more than 6,000 votes, and ahead of the Cleveland electors by more than 7,000. Nor was it the following which he had built up for himself in the city of Chicago which accomplished these results. There the vote was disappointing, falling off heavily from what he had reason to expect, and giving rise to open charges on the part of his friends of treachery. But throughout the State, in the farming regions, where Republican supremacy had never before been seriously attacked, he made heavy Democratic gains. His well-known views on the currency question, his conservative position on the tariff, his aggressiveness, and, above all, the vigor with which he prosecuted his campaign, and made his personality known in every county of the State, won for him thousands of farmer votes which not for twenty years had been cast for any Democratic candidate.

This effective work in the rural districts resulted in giving the Democrats, for the first time in many years, a chance of electing a United States senator from Illinois. In making his own campaign, Harrison had vastly aided the Democratic candidates for the Legislature and State Senate, with the result that when those bodies were polled the two parties were discovered to be tied on joint ballot, — the Republicans having a majority of one in the Senate, the

Democrats a like majority in the House. It was the year that a successor to Senator John A. Logan was to be elected. Logan himself was the candidate of the Republicans, and, according to all political precedent, aside from the distinct party pledge which had been made, Harrison should have been the Democratic candidate. Underhanded opposition in the Cook County delegation defeated him, however, and the caucus nomination was given to William R. Morrison. True, it proved an empty honor, for, after an historic contest extending over three months, the Republicans were able, through the election of a Republican in place of a Democrat who died, to triumph. There has always, however, been a very wide belief in Illinois that had the Democratic nomination been given, as time-honored precedent dictated, to Harrison, as the party's defeated gubernatorial candidate, the result would have been widely different.

Again, in 1891, Carter Harrison entered upon a campaign which, though manfully fought, and full of laurels won, still, by means of political trickery, ended in defeat. There was dissatisfaction in Chicago with the city administration. Harrison had been out of office four years. Two of these had been filled by the Republican mayor whom his sudden withdrawal from politics had elected; two by a Democrat, an old associate of Harrison's, who, in one way or another, had been very largely responsible for his withdrawal from the contest in 1887. Harrison for his part had

spent these four years in absolute abstention from politics. His tour around the world and his shorter journeys in America had broadened his mind and stimulated it to renewed activity. Political ambition reawakened within him. Chicago had begun to talk about the World's Fair which it would hold in commemoration of the four hundredth anniversary of the Columbian discovery of America. The prospect of being mayor during that gala year appealed to him strongly, and he was keen enough to foresee that the reputation acquired by a mayor of Chicago during such a season might well contribute to his further political advancement. The political situation in Chicago encouraged him in his new ambitions. The then mayor, through causes for which he was not wholly to blame, had made himself singularly unpopular, not only with the active workers in his own party, but with business men and that great class of citizens who take but an occasional interest in politics. Representatives of both elements came to the retired ex-mayor with the suggestion that he again enter the political arena. After reserving his decision long enough to assure himself that there was indeed a spontaneous and considerable movement in his behalf, he agreed to enter the contest.

It is generally entirely within the power of a mayor of Chicago to renominate himself if he so desires. The party machinery, by which conventions are called and organized, is wholly in the hands of

office-holders, and the mayor dispenses the offices. The system is a bad one, but it exists. An unscrupulous mayor or an over-ambitious one, can force his own renomination despite any possible resistance by the better elements of his own party. He can either continue himself in office indefinitely, or he can name his successor, — that is, so far as the mere party nomination is concerned, — and for fifteen years no regular Democratic nominee has been beaten, save in one instance, which will presently be recounted. For these reasons the determination of Carter Harrison to contest for the Democratic mayoralty nomination with the then incumbent of the office, who had demanded a renomination, was bold, and to many seemed even hopeless. But in politics there is magic in a name, and Harrison's name, partly because of his long public service, but more through his genial and picturesque qualities, was more widely known through Chicago than that of any other politician. The mere report that he would again be a candidate for mayor brought hundreds of his old supporters and hosts of new ones trooping to his banner. In all parts of the city there sprang up "Carter H. Harrison associations," "legions," and "phalanxes." Politicians knew that along with that "cohesive power of public plunder" of which reformers talk so much, there goes a corresponding danger to the man who has the spoils of office to dispense. In his thousands of office-holders the mayor of Chicago possesses an enormous servile

following, but for every office-holder devoted to him, he must count upon several disappointed office-seekers, eager to be revenged upon him. Harrison and his lieutenants had the knowledge and the skill to weld these disaffected elements into an organization antagonistic to the so-called regular Democratic organization, which was, of course, controlled absolutely by the ruler of the city hall. The movement spread through all the wards in the city, until the day of the primaries, when the Harrison strength at the polls was so great that all the devices of the professional politician, — devices which are notorious, and stain the records of our municipal politics with uncounted instances of violence and fraud, — were necessary to prevent his complete victory. The convention which followed was packed against him, and his supporters, seeing the futility of further struggle against the powers which dominated that body, withdrew, organized a convention of their own and put Harrison in nomination. This nomination was afterwards endorsed by the Personal Rights League, a body controlling a very considerable vote in Chicago. The full story of the struggle for the nomination, and of the causes which impelled him to repudiate the so-called regular Democratic organization was told by Harrison in a speech under the auspices of the Personal Rights League. This address set the key-note for one of the most remarkable contests in the history of municipal politics. The charge of bolting — highly obnoxious to a politician — was com-

bated; he assured his hearers that his friends left the convention as better Democrats than those remaining in the hall. Continuing, he told of his efforts to restore harmony by making the proposition that both he and the Democratic nominee should withdraw, and a third and disinterested man be put forth as a regular Democratic candidate. But as these negotiations had come to nothing, he announced his determination of boldly pressing his canvass as an independent; that he and his followers were "bolters" he denied strenuously, opening his address with the declaration that he stood there, not alone as the nominee of the Personal Rights League, but as the regular Democratic nominee as well. He asserted that the frauds perpetrated against him at the primaries utterly invalidated the nomination made by that convention, which his followers had summarily deserted. Some of the methods adopted to suppress a full and free vote he described from personal observation. At one polling booth the boxes were so placed that the voter could not see what became of the ballot he handed through a narrow opening to a man inside. At others, the police thrust Harrison voters out of line. Contesting delegations of course resulted in nearly every ward, but a committee on credentials, of seven members, with but one Harrison man among them, made short work with Harrison contestants at the convention. It was under such circumstances he became a candidate, with the hope that, if not elected himself, he might

inflict upon the dominant spirits of the Democratic organization a defeat which would prove a telling rebuke to any who might employ their methods.

With this end in view, Harrison entered upon his campaign. An independent candidacy for the mayoralty of a great city like Chicago is usually regarded by politicians as the most visionary of undertakings. It requires the expenditure of large sums of money, the building of a new "machine," overcoming by argument or personal solicitation that sentiment which makes the generality of men vote for their party right or wrong. In Harrison's case this difficulty was doubled by his almost entire lack of newspaper support. One German daily paper gave him assistance, but the great English dailies, without exception, were unsparing in their denunciations of him. In earlier years, as a candidate on a regular Democratic ticket, he had had to overcome a hostile press, but never before had the assaults of the papers been so violent. Yet from the people he received daily testimonials of esteem and promises of support, which went far to neutralize the effect of newspaper attacks. His meetings were attended by large and enthusiastic gatherings; the clubs and associations bearing his name and formed to press his candidacy, grew steadily in numbers and in influence. Men of the highest business standing attended his meetings and gave him personal assurance of their support. He made his campaign purely on his own record as a "business mayor," refraining

from personal attack upon his Democratic opponent, but criticising that official's conduct of municipal affairs, incisively. Weeks before the day of election it became evident that no such independent vote had ever been cast in Chicago as was being prepared for Harrison. The Democratic "ring" became despondent as the fact grew patent that, while Harrison might not himself be elected, he would inevitably divide the Democratic vote and elect the Republican. The Republicans themselves, though at first elated, soon grew alarmed. Election day found many of the shrewdest judges predicting Harrison's election, unprecedented as such a sequel to an independent campaign would be. The vote was cast amid scenes of turbulence and violence. The faction intrenched in the city hall, with all the machinery for gathering and counting the ballots in their hands, and with the police force under their command, hesitated at nothing to maintain their power. It is as unnecessary as it would be improper, to describe in detail the methods adopted. The devices of ward politicians for swelling or suppressing a vote are, unhappily, matters of very wide notoriety in the United States. But despite the employment of both coercion and falsification to suppress it, the Harrison vote was reported to the election commissioners as 42,931, Cregier, the Democrat, had 46,588, and Washburn, the Republican, was given 46,957, and was therefore elected.

How extraordinary an achievement this was, can

only be appreciated by those knowing something of the methods of American politics. For an independent candidate in Chicago to poll 43,000 votes, and to come within a few thousand votes of being elected, was an exploit not likely to be soon repeated. And even if we set aside the generally conceded fact that, had the votes actually cast for Harrison been honestly counted, he would have been elected, it can still be asserted that there was nothing in his long and brilliant public career which spoke more emphatically for his marvellous qualities as an organizer, or gave such stirring testimony to his strength with the people, as this unsuccessful campaign for the mayoralty in 1891.

CHAPTER IX.

THE WORLD'S-FAIR MAYOR.

In April, 1893, Carter H. Harrison became mayor of Chicago for the fifth time. The campaign which preceded his election had been one of unprecedented bitterness. Ever since his defeat by a narrow apparent majority in 1892, the devoted personal followers who had been behind him in his phenomenal independent canvass had been pressing his claim to the regular nomination. The approach of the season of the World's Columbian Exposition added to the force of the Harrison movement, for a very large body of the people felt convinced that by his natural courtliness of manner and his cosmopolitan experience the veteran ex-mayor would be the man of all men to extend the civic honors to the expected throngs. In all parts of the city sprang up branches of the "Carter H. Harrison Association," an organization pledged to the nomination and election of Harrison to the mayoralty. So strong did this organization become that it rivalled, even if it did not excel in political power, the regular Democratic organization. Founded by the friends of the candidate, it was fostered and developed largely without effort

on his part. He, indeed, during the year which preceded his final return to office, abandoned political activity to a great extent. His ambition to be the "World's-Fair mayor" he frankly admitted to all questioners; but he believed — justifiably, as events proved — that the remarkable vote given him as independent candidate betokened that the people would nominate and elect him of their own volition.

In the autumn of 1891 Harrison purchased the "Chicago Times," a Democratic newspaper of long standing and famous history. The purchase was not made in order to provide the buyer with a personal political organ, though later events made its possession very fortunate for him. Into the work of the journalist, Harrison, despite his advanced age, entered with interest. He was daily at the office, and discussed the events of the moment and the policy of the paper with an eagerness almost boyish. He wrote but little. The limitations which restricted space impose upon the editorial writer hampered him. Always a more ready speaker than writer, he would, when he had views he desired to express in the paper, summon a stenographer, and deliver to him the article in oratorical form, never failing to be intensely astonished to find the result of his dictation an editorial article of impossible length, which invariably required cruel cutting to get it into reasonable journalistic compass. It was, perhaps, this lack of facility in terse and condensed expression which led him soon to give up all writing for his

own paper. Certainly, during the two years of his ownership of it, he wrote, with the exception of some letters of travel, scarce a score of articles for its columns. No lack of interest, however, was shown by him in the course of the paper. He directed its policy absolutely. He swung it into liberal lines on the currency question, continuing in its columns the fight for bimetallism he had begun in Congress. His well-known views on the tariff — the views of a Henry Clay Whig — were impressed upon it, and the plea for free trade vanished from its editorial page. With a national Democratic convention near at hand, he boldly took issue with the preponderating public sentiment in the Northwest, and bitterly antagonized Grover Cleveland, urging the nomination of a Western man instead. Though beaten for the time in this contention, he proved himself far-seeing, for the West and Northwest were not long in coming to his position. Upon questions other than political affecting the policy of a newspaper, Carter Harrison's views were decided, and he occasionally impressed them upon the humblest members of his editorial staff in a way that, while effective, left not the slightest sting behind. He was a stickler for dignity, decency, and truth in newspapers. Personal journalism he abhorred. The torrent of abuse, invective, and epithet discharged upon him by the opposition press had not so blunted his sympathies as to make him connive for one moment at the use of like methods of attack on his rivals.

In the campaign of 1893, when the virulence of the attacks of the allied opposition press upon him surpassed in degree anything ever before seen in a political campaign, he positively forbade the printing of any personal abuse of his opponent in the "Times." It is not likely that Carter Harrison would ever have made a great journalist. He lacked the passion for the calling which is essential to success in it, and his unvarying good-nature and ready sympathy made it impossible for him to understand why any news should be printed which might in any way give pain to the people concerned. But his ideals of journalism, though often impracticable, were high and honorable and gentlemanly. The salutatories in which new editors greet their public and outline their policy are not often taken seriously; but in all his personal efforts as editor of the "Times," Mr. Harrison departed not a step from these promises which he made over his own signature on taking control of the paper: —

"In assuming control of the 'Chicago Times,' the new management announces that it is here to stay. In asking its share of public favor, it promises that the 'Times' will always advocate Democratic principles because best for the people, but will never be a slave to party to uphold the wrong. It will be no man's organ, and will have no pet theories to promulgate. It has no enemies to punish, no hobbies to ride, and will have no axes to grind, but will be a newspaper in the broadest sense of the word, studiously avoiding sensational scandals, and both in its reading matter and advertisements will exclude everything which can shock the modest or violate the sanctity of the fireside. It

will not invade the privacy of the home nor besmirch private character, either to gratify personal resentment or for the purpose of selling its issues. It will favor public and private morality, and condemn every form of indecency, and will ever be the strong advocate of personal as well as of civil and religious liberty."

Into the national Presidential campaign of 1892 Harrison entered with vigor and with enthusiasm. Though he had doubted the wisdom of the nomination of Mr. Cleveland, he was ready as a loyal Democrat to support that nomination with voice and pen after the regularly constituted convention of the party had made it. The presence of General Adlai E. Stevenson, of Illinois, on the ticket as candidate for Vice-President added much to the personal interest felt by Harrison in the election, as the nomination of Stevenson was first urged by him in an editorial in the "Times" on the last day of the convention. A letter from Mr. Cleveland — between whom and Mr. Harrison there had been a slight personal estrangement for some time — soliciting his assistance in the campaign in the West awakened his hearty enthusiasm. He made several speeches, and was booked by the campaign committee for many more, when an untoward accident resulted in the fracture of his arm and his withdrawal in great part from political activity.

His own campaign followed fast upon the conclusion of the national struggle. He discovered soon that his friend and former trusted lieutenant, Wash-

ington Hesing, editor of the "Staats Zeitung," was this year a candidate for the mayoralty. With a widely read German newspaper in his control, a considerable personal following of his own, and the machine politicians of the Democratic party almost to a man behind him, Mr. Hesing bade fair to be a formidable rival. The preliminary campaign for the nomination was lively. The Democratic newspapers, other than the "Times," abandoned the traditional position of neutrality before the nominating convention, and strenuously espoused Mr. Hesing's candidacy. There were mass meetings, parades, caucuses, and all the episodes of a hard-fought political campaign; but when, after an orderly day at the primaries, the convention assembled, it was found that the Hesing forces had been scattered like leaves, and that in a convention of 681 delegates, three-fourths were pledged to Harrison. That convention is one of the memorable events in the history of Chicago politics. The enthusiasm of the dominant faction was unbounded, the chagrin of the minority bitter and resentful. One defeated candidate began an impassioned harangue, and being howled down by the convention, left in a rage to ally himself with the Republicans. When order was finally brought out of the turmoil, Carter H. Harrison was nominated for mayor on the first ballot, receiving 531 votes.

The next day dissensions, noisy enough to appear to be serious, were manifest in the ranks of the Democratic party. Mr. Harrison's competitors in

the convention refused to abide by the result, and prepared to lead an organized "bolt." The Democratic newspapers, other than his own, and the independent press roundly condemned his candidacy, and called upon the Republicans to put forward a candidate whom all could support on non-partisan grounds. Some difficulty was found by the managers of the Republican party in finding a gentleman willing to undertake the perilous labors of the campaign, and some rather comical complications were caused by the officious efforts of the impractical and visionary would-be politicians who always flock to the support of any movement for a so-called "citizens' ticket." Finally, however, Mr. Samuel W. Allerton, a wealthy packing-house proprietor, was induced to make the race, and was provided with a regular Republican and citizens' nomination.

The odds which confronted Harrison at the beginning of the campaign were formidable, and to an enormous number of well-informed people seemed absolutely insurmountable. The press of the city was almost a unit in opposing him. Of the morning dailies, the "Tribune," "Inter-Ocean," "Herald," "News-Record," and "Staats-Zeitung" attacked him bitterly, his own paper, the "Times," being alone in his defence. Of the evening papers, the three of highest standing and widest circulation, the "Daily News," "Evening Journal," and "Evening Post," were hostile. To the superficial observer it would seem that the position of the press fitly represented

the temper of the people, for the opposition to Harrison was noisy and obtrusive, while his strength lay chiefly with people not given to talking politics. There was an obvious split in his own party, too, many of its shrewdest workers, who saw in his success a menace to their control of the party machinery, announcing boldly their intention of fighting him as a retaliation for his action in having run as an independent candidate two years before. Attempt even was made to drag the national administration of President Cleveland, then in its first days, into the controversy, and the assertion was freely made that the president desired the defeat of the Democratic candidate for mayor, — an assertion in which there was probably a shadow of truth under a vast deal of overstatement. The bitterness and acrimony of the campaign exceeded anything ever before known in Chicago politics. The methods of the allied press were those of wanton slander and flippant ridicule. The biting satires of Charles Dickens on American journalism were more than justified by the course of the Chicago newspapers in this campaign. One great journal daily presented its readers with caricatures of Mr. Harrison, clad in the garb of a clown with cogwheels on his head, supposed to indicate his condition of senile lunacy. He was charged with every sin in the political calendar, his supporters were covered with abusive epithets, his speeches were ridiculed, his meetings systematically written down. If abuse could ruin a politician, Harrison

would have been destroyed. If ridicule could have driven him out of town, he would have fled. Neither truth, decency, nor common-sense was permitted by the editors of the opposition press to stand in the way of their malice. From their impassioned appeals one might have thought the city in danger of an invasion worse than one of Goths and Vandals. They demanded, rather than advised, the defeat of this man, held over the people the whip of the slave-driver rather than the torch of the guide. It is impossible to regard the magnificent majority which the people ultimately gave to Mr. Harrison as other than in great part a rebuke to the press for its intemperate and extravagant raging. But for the time, of course, the noisy and almost unanimous chorus of defamation had its effect. The subscribers to five out of the six morning newspapers saw Harrison daily described as an associate of gamblers, a conscienceless politician, a weak-minded and insanely egotistic old man. They read that his meetings were attended by toughs and plug-uglies only. Unless by some chance the average citizen, who usually reads only one newspaper, read the "Times" he must have believed that the defeat of Harrison was an absolute certainty. The pulpit, prone to take hasty and ill-considered views of political questions, took up the cry, and preachers who had come to Chicago after Carter Harrison last retired from office, accepted as gospel the slanders of partisans, and strenuously called upon the members of their flocks

to vote against this man lest the wrath of Heaven fall upon the city. So tremendous was the chorus of detraction that the fame of the campaign spread to other cities, and the country looked with amused disgust upon a community preparing for a great exposition of the arts of civilization and refinement, and conducting an election for the mayoralty in a fashion seldom met outside the romances of satirists.

Old campaigner as he was, Mr. Harrison felt keenly the cruel attacks upon him, but he bent his head to the blast and trudged on through it. His exertions in the canvass were extraordinary in one of his advanced age,— for it must be remembered that he was at this time in his 69th year. He continued his early morning rides through the city, but before noon was at his office in the editorial rooms of the "Times," receiving deputations, consulting with lieutenants, and discussing every detail of the campaign. At night he was whirled in a carriage from hall to hall, speaking frequently three times in the course of the evening, in widely separated sections of the city. These speeches were, of course, pretty much of a kind. Local issues alone had to be debated, and beyond defence of his earlier administrations, and some outline of the policy by which he would be guided if elected, there was little to be said. Some extracts from an address made to a magnificent gathering of 6,500 people in the Auditorium, will give a sufficient idea of the issues of this campaign: —

"LADIES AND FELLOW-CITIZENS: — I am before you a candidate for the mayoralty, nominated by a party, — nominated by the Democratic party, — but I am not here to-night to discuss Democracy or Republicanism. I am here to talk to you as business men; men having the interests of this city at heart, regardless of party. I am one of those that do not believe that all is good in one party or that all is bad in the other. Democrats and Republicans are alike in one thing, — they want their country's interests subserved. They are all patriotic and do that which they think is best for their common country. But in the divergence of opinion, — in that strange characteristic of men that but few look at the same point or question in the same light, — men differ, honestly differ, in opinion as to what is or is not good for their country. Battling, as the Democratic and Republican parties do every year in city, county, and State, in their elections, or every four years for the presidential and two years for congressional elections, one would think that one party was bad and the other good; that one party was inimical to the interests of their common country; but that is far from being right, and I concede that Republicans in Chicago are as earnestly anxious for the success of this, our grand city, as Democrats are. I concede, too, that there is no real, logical reason why party politics should enter into municipal elections. It would seem that that policy which may be good for the entire country might be left out in our municipal elections, but it is not the inclination of the human heart to so leave it out. Men are anxious for the success of their party; they know that party success every four years is led up to by party success every year at town elections; every two years at municipal elections; that it is necessary to keep a party line. They think it, whether right or wrong; they have thought it since the beginning of our country, and I suspect they will so think until our country shall have gone, as all things human have gone, to find its end. There

are some, however, who think that parties are all wrong; there are some people in this town — most excellent gentlemen — who think when there can be a citizens' ticket in control they have found a panacea for all ills, and that the country is saved. I am adverted upon this morning by a great newspaper because I said I believed in party nominations; not that I think that it is necessary, — that is, as an abstract question, — but it is necessary in accordance with the formation of our minds, and in accordance with our habits. Now, why do I think that a party is a good thing to have behind a mayor? Experience has taught, — long experience in many cities has taught, — that a party holds its officials in restraint; that a man in official position is held to the line of duty by his allegiance to his party when his duty alone would not hold him. That has been proved in every city. I would rather be governed by a partisan Republican mayor than by one elected on a citizens' ticket, when there is no other ticket in the field. Citizens' tickets are, oftentimes, beneficial, but they are beneficial as a cyclone and the hurricane is, — to cleanse the atmosphere when it has become foul and stagnant. The hurricane, sweeping over our prairie, levels houses, throws down trees, destroys lives. After the hurricane sweep has gone by there is ozone in the air and there is a purer atmosphere than before. When parties, Democratic or Republican, both put up bad men, — when machines become so foul that they refuse to obey the will of the people and put up bad men, — then comes the time for a citizens' movement, and citizens' movements are beneficial, but not necessarily at all times.

"Now, I am the candidate of the Democratic party; there is a candidate in the field in opposition to me. He was, a little while ago, a Republican. He says to-day he is neither a Republican nor is he Democratic. He is a 'citizen.' What does that mean? I think it is probable that the people will say: 'You are a citizen, — you are neither

hot nor cold, and, in the language of the Scriptures, "we will spew you out."'

"Now, when the Democratic nomination was made, why did n't the Republican party send its people to the primaries and have an honest primary, as the Democratic party did, with a few exceptions? Why did n't they hold a convention and nominate a Republican, straight, pure, and simple? This great party that saved the Union, that reconstructed the Union, that held power in Illinois for thirty-six years, at the very first moment of defeat laid itself down like a sheep and abandoned itself to what? To a syndicate of five newspaper proprietors, one of them a Democrat, — so-called. Only four years ago Mr. Allerton was a Republican; he it was who raised $100,000 to send down to Indiana to buy Hoosiers in 'blocks of five,' like sheep in a shamble. Can the Ethiopian change his skin, or the leopard his spots? How has he all at once ceased to be a Republican and become one of that sublime set,— a 'citizen.' What changed him? Now, what has changed me? I am a Democrat, and the papers denounce me. One of them — whose editor owns two banks, and with them buys carriers and runs his papers, and owns two newspapers with which he whips capitalists into his banks — vilifies me; says that I was a profligate when I was mayor; that I was wasteful, extravagant; that if I be elected again I will lead our city into ruin. Ah, John R. Walsh, Carter Harrison has not sold his soul to the devil for pelf, as thou hast, and he will never lead the city, of which he is prouder than thy little soul can hold, — he will never lead it into anything but the paths of right, as far as his brains will permit him. Now the others come in, and, like 'Tray, Blanche, and Sweetheart,' bark their little bark and say I am corrupt, — I was corrupt when I was mayor before. It is a little singular that last December the editor of the 'Tribune,' the editor of the 'Inter-Ocean,' the editor of the 'News,' the editor of the 'Freie Press' came to me personally, or by re-

spected and trusted agents, and urged me to run as a 'citizens'' candidate, and not to accept the Democratic nomination. That was in December. I have changed. Has Allerton changed? He was a Republican; he is now a 'citizen.' I was then a fit man to govern this city, but now heaven and earth are moved in efforts to drag up lies about me to beat me as a candidate for the mayoralty. What has changed it? I look over this crowd, — your demeanor tells me that you are not, at least my enemies. Let me tell you to read that old, reliable paper, — read it, my friends; you look to me like gentlemen; ladies, you look like you might even live on Prairie Avenue, and that you would draw your skirts aside if a coal wagon was being emptied. The 'Journal' this evening says: 'Carter will be at the Auditorium with his gang.' And then it goes on and calls attention to the gang. There sits one of the gang, Judge Otis, and all around here is a gang that can buy even John R. Walsh out a dozen times. There before me is a gang of bright, intelligent faces. Aye, far back into yonder galleries are men that anybody would be proud to call fellow-citizens and to accept their suffrages.

"A few days ago Marshall Field was advertised to sit and preside over a meeting here for Mr. Allerton. Marshall Field, the Allerton editors said, was taken sick, — he was indisposed. Ay, he was indisposed as I used to be when at college I did n't know my lessons and I was indisposed to go. Marshall Field is not for Mr. Allerton; he is for Carter Harrison. And that is n't all. He did n't vote for me in the past, but he will do it now because he knows the necessity of having somebody this year that at least knows something besides sticking pigs.

"I find no fault with Mr. Allerton because he was not college bred. I don't know that it would benefit him. These papers are college bred, but it does n't prevent them from lying. I am sorry for Mr. Allerton from my heart.

I am sorry that he lacked an early opportunity for an education. He deserves credit for what he has done; he has been a successful man; he knew how to guess at the weight of a pig in the farmers' yards far better than the farmer, and he bought them by the score. He is a most admirable pig sticker and pig slaughterer; I admit it, and I don't arraign him because he slaughters the queen's English; he can't help it, and I would not advert to it, but Mr. Allerton says that I will be a disaster to this city if I be elected. It is a little singular that Sam Allerton thinks that I would be a dire calamity to Chicago, and yet Sam Allerton voted for me either two or three times when I was elected mayor. He voted for me because I protected his business interests, and that is the reason you, fellow-citizens, and you, business men, will, I hope at least, vote for me the 4th of April next.

"Now, last Saturday night, late, — very late, — a gentleman met one of my sons and told him that he had had a conversation with one of those great syndicate newspaper publishers. The publisher told him that Mr. Allerton would be elected. Says he: 'Yes, we are going to spring on Carter Harrison, between now and the election, something that will paralyze him.' They have been springing paralysis on me for some time. I once had circular insanity, and then grew suddenly and prematurely old; then I got a wheel in my head. Why, there was a lady down in the Third ward, not far from Mr. Allerton, and the other day she had a little boy; he was n't many days old when she sent up to me to know if I would please get Dr. Owens to come down and trepan her boy's head and put a small wheel in it, like mine.

"But yesterday morning the great thing — or one of the great things — culminated. They have been paralyzing me for some weeks. One day they charged that I was a Deputy; they found out that I had a friend by the name of Reynolds, and that there was a Reynolds that was a

Deputy; therefore, my friend must be that Reynolds and I must be a Deputy. Then, when I was mayor, before there was an ordinance called the 'Equitable Gas Company's ordinance,' that company bought a piece of property in Bridgeport: some poor gentleman, who had passed through trials and troubles, and whose memory was bad, gave it to Mr. Walsh's paper and Walsh published it, — that I went down to Bridgeport when the Equitable Gas Company had its ordinance before the council; that I bought the piece of property in Bridgeport for $28,000; that I sold an option on it to the Equitable Gas Company for $90,000, — a pretty good operation. Now, I never owned any property in Bridgeport in my life. I never gave an option to a piece of property in my life, and I actually vetoed the Equitable Gas Company's ordinance. Yet, when these facts were made known that paper never blushed. Its paper is as white and its ink as black as it was before, — these papers do not blush. There is one paper in town that does not lie; modesty forbids my telling you what it is.

"Now, my friends, they have been putting up a good many things against me all the time to paralyze me. Yesterday morning they came out — every one of them — with exactly the same thing, cut and dried. 'Mike McDonald has bought Carter Harrison,' or 'Carter Harrison has bought Mike.' There is the picture, — the fac-simile of a letter written to nobody knows who, and signed 'M. C. McDonald.' What does it say? It says: 'I wish you would please come to 137 Monroe Street to see me as soon as possible on important business. Very truly yours, M. C. McDonald.' Why, that is nearly as well written as Sam Allerton could write. Now, that fac-simile is in every paper, — something very strange in that. Then they go on and say that Mike is running my campaign, and that I have made an agreement to open Garfield Park; that George Hankins gave me $5,000, Tuesday, in consideration of that. Why $5,000? They have forgotten that

last summer the price supposed to be sufficient to buy a mayor was $50,000 from the Garfield Park. Now, therefore, they say I have made my peace with the gamblers; I am run by Mike; he and the gamblers are going to run me. He could n't run Mr. Allerton. No; Mr. Allerton would beat the gamblers. He would do it, I suspect, a good deal like the fellow on the Mississippi steamboat did, on which I was a passenger when I was a young lad. Out in the 'texas,' — the 'texas' on a steamboat is a place on the upper deck, — they call it the 'texas,' and it is where they play high. Well, the ladies were very much disturbed because they were gambling, — said it was terrible. A young gentleman was standing by, and they said, 'Mr. Johnson, can't you go out and break up that game?' 'Well, if you insist upon it, I will, — I will smash them.' They insisted; he departed; they did n't see him until the next morning; he came in and said: 'I obeyed your injunction, ladies; I broke up that bank.' 'How did you do it?' 'I won every dollar they had and put them in soak.' Now, Sam has been gambling 'on 'change' long enough, and I 'spec' he could beat Mike McDonald and George Hankins and give them an ace to spare in every deck.

"But, my fellow-citizens, let me show you this lie. They thought they were going to demolish me. The 'Herald' this morning comes out and gives a long tale about it. It is eloquent. Lies generally are. Then here is a line with a sub-head: 'Denials will not avail.' Oh, no, no, there is no use in denying it. 'We have said it, and we will stick to it. You belong to Mike McDonald, — you need n't deny it; denials, even though it be a falsehood, won't avail.' This great syndicate of newspapers, supposed to represent the culture of the country, to educate the youth, won't listen to denials. 'We have said it, and we must stick to it.' Now, what are the facts? My friends, this letter was written on the stationery of the executive com-

mittee, and they speak of Mr. McDonald as running the campaign. Now, the facts are, that Mr. McDonald is not a member of the executive committee; he is not a member of the campaign committee; he is a member of the county committee, and elected himself by barring up the window at the primaries on the 27th day of last February. There were but three absolutely wrong and foul precincts that I heard of in the city of Chicago on the 27th day of February, at the Democratic primaries, and one of them was in the barn of Mike McDonald, where, instead of having a large window for the voters to hand their ballots through, as the law directs, he had a small hole, through which the voter could put his hand and drop the ballot. As one gentleman very tersely said, any voter who had a ring on his finger when he put his ballot in, usually drew his hand back without the ring or the ballot either."

With the lapse of time most of this seems trivial and petty, but it was upon the local issues of police and financial policy that the mayoralty campaign was fought, and it was by just such colloquial, off-hand, unpretentious speeches as the foregoing that Carter Harrison won the votes of the people.

The close of the campaign found the candidates and the city equally weary of the struggle. The efforts of the two chief figures had been exceedingly wearing upon them, and the people for their part rejoiced in impending relief from political importunity and newspaper clamor. Mr. Allerton personally had borne himself with much dignity, not employing, so far as his individual utterances were concerned, any of the devices of detraction and slander upon which his active supporters placed their chief de-

pendence. Mr. Harrison for his part, though sorely tried, had kept his temper, not meeting hard words with harder ones, but in the main contenting himself with good-natured condemnation of the mud-throwing and earnest response to such serious criticism upon his official character and ability as might be made. The day of election found both parties equally confident. The allied press made boastful claim of certain victory, and to people who considered the apparent odds against Harrison there seemed to be no possibility of his election. Even at five o'clock on the afternoon of election day the evening papers positively assured their readers of Mr. Allerton's triumphant election. But only three hours later, with returns from only a fraction of the election precincts reported, it became apparent that Harrison had been carried into office upon a tremendous wave of popular enthusiasm. He had, in fact, been elected with a majority of 21,089, in a total vote of 211,418. The spontaneous ovation tendered him that night by an army of citizens was of a kind to make the pulse of man beat fast. About the office of the "Times," which soon began to blaze with red fire, the people gathered, until the two streets which there cross were black with humanity. Cheers for the victorious candidate, who sat in his office within, rose in mighty chorus. A great bonfire, built with a view to setting a torch to an Allerton banner which spanned the street from a neighboring newspaper office, cast a ruddy light over

the whole neighborhood. For a time it seemed that the excitement of the populace might lead to serious consequences, threats of violence to the hostile newspaper offices being freely bandied about the throng. The mayor-elect, noting with some apprehension the temper of his admirers, went alone among them, fought his way into the centre of the crowd, rescued the imperilled banner, and advised his over-enthusiastic constituents to disperse to their homes, — advice which they did not act upon without some further horseplay intended to express their contempt for the anti-Harrison press. The enthusiasm of the street crowds was but the expression of the satisfaction of the vast majority of the citizens. Even those who had been led into opposition by the partisan press were compelled to admit that a man who had received from the people, in the face of an opposition of unprecedented virulence, so magnificent a testimonial of confidence and esteem could not be the combination of shallow egotist and conscienceless politician the newspapers depicted.

In due season Mr. Harrison was installed as mayor for the fifth time. In his inaugural address he could not refrain from giving expression to his sense of the injustice of the attacks which he had just passed through. This extemporaneous address may well be printed in full, as the last of his official State papers: —

"ALDERMEN OF CHICAGO: — Foully slandered and shamelessly abused by a reckless press, but sustained and honored by 115,000 of the free and independent voters of Chicago, — that 115,000 composed of all but a few sore-headed Democrats, and composed besides of the best elements of the Republican party; men who believed in fair play and honest endeavor; men who believed in business interests being protected, — I stand before you again, for the fifth time chosen to be the mayor of Chicago.

"When years ago I stood before you, aldermen of Chicago, and took the oath which fitted me for this high office, Chicago had less than half a million of population; to-day it is the sixth city on the face of the globe, the second in America in population, and the first city on earth in pluck, energy, and determination. Standing thus, I feel deep anxiety lest I may not fulfil the expectation of the vast majority of my fellow-citizens that have honored me.

"All I have to say to you, aldermen of Chicago, and through you to its citizens, is that my endeavor will be always to further the interests of this city of which I am so proud, of this city which I entered when it was but an overgrown village, but of which I now enter into the management as the great and most successful giant of the West. It will be my endeavor to justify the wishes of the suffrages that placed me here, and I earnestly ask your co-operation in helping to wipe out the slander that has been thrown upon our good name by a venal and corrupt press.

"It has been spread broadcast over this land, and has even crossed the briny deep, that the electorate that has chosen your chief magistrate was an electorate of thieves, thugs, gamblers, and disreputables. We stand before the world with a black mark upon our character. Let it be your and my endeavor to wipe this slander out and prove to the world that Chicago is a city governed by the best

people, and that its mayor and its common council govern it on principles of business and respectability.

"Under the charter I am a part of the city council of Chicago. It will be my endeavor to co-operate with you, and I earnestly ask you to co-operate with me in proving to the world that the city that has been honored by having placed in its midst the Columbian Exposition is a city that deserved to have that Exposition placed here.

"I earnestly ask all of you to co-operate with the mayor, as he pledges himself to co-operate with you, in showing and proving to the world that Chicago is not only the second city in population, the first city in America in pluck and energy, but a city of good government, of honest and fair dealing, and that the world can come here and feel that its pocketbook is safe while it stays in our midst.

"Our first duty, gentlemen of the city council of Chicago, is to keep the city in a healthy condition, so that when the world comes here it will not enter upon a charnel-house. I pledge my honor to you and to my fellow-citizens to do all that lies in my power to protect the health of the city. It is a part of our duty to present Chicago to the world in a gala dress, with a clean front to it. It will be my earnest endeavor to keep the city clean, not only in its heart, but throughout its entire dimensions, so that the people of the world can come here and say to us: 'The young city is not only vigorous, but she laves her beautiful limbs daily in Lake Michigan, and comes out clean and pure every morning.'

"I need not make recommendations to you. The mayor who has just retired has expressed to me and to you his heartfelt wishes for our success. I thank him most earnestly for his wishes, and pledge to him that I shall endeavor to carry out all of his good wishes, and give the people of Chicago the right at least to say that he did not falsely prophesy about us.

"I will not attempt to detain you to-night by laying down to you a programme. As the occasion arises during the next two years, I shall present to you curtly such matters as I think ought to be laid before you.

"It will be my endeavor, as a member of the city council, to sit with you in your sessions, and to be a part of this body. I only hope that you will be satisfied with the regular weekly meetings, for although I am somewhat past the age of youth, and though there be wheels in my head, my fellow-citizens have shown me that the wheels are composed of flowers, and that my old eagle sits perched upon the wheel.

"I shall ask your co-operation; I shall endeavor to preside over you fairly; I shall listen to you with great pleasure when you bring into the body of which I am now a member measures for the good of the city; and I promise you that if you bring in any that I do not consider right, I will be very sure to send in the next week a veto. If I do, I hope that you will not consider it an act of unkindness on my part. You, as members of this city council, have to act much more on your own responsibility than does the mayor. You have not a paid body of men behind you to direct you in your deliberations. The mayor will have behind him an able corps of men, well paid, to give him counsel; and therefore if he should claim some time to know a little better than you, it is because the paid men behind him have aided him in arriving at just conclusions.

"Therefore I earnestly ask of you that you will not consider a return to you without the mayor's signature of any measure that you may pass a slight; for the mayor will simply say to you, and I now say to you, he returns it to you because you have hastily considered it, and he has considered it more maturely.

"I ask, too, that you will bear with me in presiding over you. If I make mistakes in parliamentary rules, it will be

mistakes of the head and not of the heart; and being a somewhat positive man, and the wheel having stopped in my head, I expect to be tolerably positive in my rulings. I will ask you not too often to appeal from the mayor's decision.

"Gentlemen, we are now entered upon our work for the next two years. It will be — certainly a part of it, the next six months — the most trying period of Chicago's history, except when the besom of destruction passed over it at its mighty conflagration. The eyes of the world are upon us; visitors by the millions will be here in our midst. Let us prove to the world that Jefferson's theory that 'men are capable of self-government' was no Utopian theory; and let us prove to the denizens of effete Europe that Chicago, the offspring of freedom and of constitutional government, is able to govern itself, and that its city council will be capable of administering the affairs of this great city."

The last chapter in Carter Harrison's life, the short six months he passed as "World's-Fair" mayor, must be regarded from a different standpoint to that from which we have studied his earlier mayoralty terms. In earlier days he was pre-eminently a business mayor. In his last term the traditional business of the office had largely to be set aside until the World's Fair should be ended, and he should have relief from the social exactions of that period of pomp and ceremony. Scarcely had he been inaugurated when the rush of the World's-Fair season began. Between the pressure for office of Democrats who, for two years, had been without place in the City Hall, and the demands made upon him for addresses at Exposition functions of every sort, his

time was so fully occupied that only a man of his long experience and notable executive capacity could have done anything toward the reorganization of the city departments and expediting the public work. Much he accomplished in this direction, but more was set aside to await the coming of that more leisurely season after the close of the fair, which he was destined never to see. Chicagoans, however, will not soon forget that, amid the exacting duties of the World's-Fair season, he put well under way the first vigorous movement for the abolition of railroad tracks crossing the streets at grade, giving to that movement an impetus which at this time, a year after his death, seems to make its complete success certain. Nor will the masterly manner in which he handled the threatening labor troubles, and demonstrations of the unemployed toward the close of the World's-Fair season be soon forgotten.

It would be idle to quote in detail here many of the speeches made by Mr. Harrison at World's-Fair functions. Toward the latter part of the season he was summoned to that wonderful White City almost daily, and spoke to gatherings of all sorts and conditions of men. The occasions of his addresses were almost comically various, comprehending all sorts of celebrations, from that attendant upon installing a piece of the "blarney stone," — afterwards proved to be bogus, — in an Irish castle, to extending the hospitalities of the city and the Exposition to the Infanta Eulalia of Spain. There were German,

French, Polish, Bohemian, Swiss, and Irish days, and a speech for each, with pleasant reference to the nationality celebrating. There were the caravels from Portugal, the Viking ships from Norway, to be met with words of compliment. There was a special day with special speeches for every State, for almost every trade and calling, labor day, with its outpouring of the working people, Chicago day, with its wonderful attendance, and a host of other special events, upon all of which the mayor of Chicago was, necessarily, an attendant. Into this work, which to him was pleasure, he entered with the eagerness of a boy, and the earnestness of a man who saw beneath the outer appearance of mere festivity, the potential good to progress and the brotherhood of man that was in these, often trivial, ceremonies. His speeches were not orations. They were never carefully prepared, and usually were delivered without his having given them a single thought before mounting the platform. But they were graceful, good-humored, and, with the genial personality of the man behind them, never failed to enlist the sympathies of the audience. As he never wrote a speech, and as the informality of these World's-Fair celebrations made official stenographic reports infrequent, we are compelled to rest content with the ordinary newspaper versions of his addresses. One of the more ambitious of these was the following speech made on Independence Day, which fairly bubbles over with enthusiastic patriotism: —

"MR. CHAIRMAN, MR. PRESIDENT, FELLOW-CITIZENS OF THE UNITED STATES, AND FRIENDS FROM ALL OVER THE WORLD: — We greet you here to-day, one of the most momentous days in the history of America. If there be a time, or has been a time, when the people of the United States should glory in celebrating the natal day of our land, the Fourth of July, it is this day, when, surrounded by this magnificent city, the White City, erected in honor of the discoverer of America, we meet here; and at this hour throughout the United States all Americans should be glad that they have lived until this Fourth of July.

"All men love their homes; some think this is but sentiment, but it is an instinct sprung from our very animal natures, a common and natural instinct among all animals. That is an animal of low degree which loves not his home. The tiger loves its lair, the bear seeks its den, the hare rushes to the farm where it was born; the bird that skims across the sky, going from the very south, goes to the very north to find the spot on which it was bred, for this is a feeling common to all, and it is a feeling which may be excised out of the heart by the lack of a proper education. It is, therefore, but proper that the people of America should gather on the fourth day of July, ay, should commence at the early morn, and as John Adams declared, that day should be celebrated by bombs, fire-crackers, and everything that makes a noise, for all mankind gives voice in making a noise to what it likes. We are the sons of America, and let us pay all possible glory to this day. We are prone to run after material wealth; we are all fond of the daddy dollar. We have allowed our pursuit of money to take the place of something that appeals to the heart and memory. In a few moments the lightning will carry to the uttermost bounds of America that this is high noon, — twelve o'clock, — and at that very moment will be hoisted that flag (pointing to Paul Jones' flag), the first flag that America ever had, the one that was given by the United

States when he manned our little navy of three ships. That flag floated from the 'Bon Homme Richard.' In the engagement that flag fell from Paul Jones' boat into the sea, when an ancestor of that woman sitting there, sprang from the ship into the sea and saved that flag, and for that act it was granted to him and his descendants by the United States Congress. I wanted to bring it up on this platform. 'No,' she said, 'that is ours, and no one but myself can touch it.' It is hers; the bunting is hers, but that flag belongs to America, from the lakes to the Gulf of Mexico, from the Atlantic to the mighty Pacific.

"What a history has been ours! One hundred and seventeen years has passed since America had her birth. At that day, one hundred and seventeen years ago to-day, this city of which we are now so proud, this city that we have to show to the world to make our grandest boasts, was *terra incognita;* but now look at this beautiful White City. Springing like an emanation from the morass, it offers to the world a vision unknown, never seen in the past, and I believe will not be in the future.

"Four hundred years ago last year, three little caravels, models of which will arrive the 12th, sailed from Spain. It was a mighty achievement, and now Chicago and the people of Chicago have erected this mighty city. We will hoist that flag, — we have something else besides that flag. These are flowers brought from the tomb of Thomas Jefferson, the man who wrote the Declaration of Independence, and who gave the feeling of patriotism, which will live as long as time shall last. Here is a sword that belonged to another of the great defenders of America; it is the sword of Andrew Jackson, who never knew how to draw it but in the defence of liberty and his native land.

"My friends, it is going to rain. Do you think that your forefathers, who fought and bled for you, and who died for you, cared for the rain? I am myself a young man. Let us turn our brows to the sky and, like Ajax,

dare the lightning of the heavens. We are speaking for American liberty. The sound of liberty has invaded our midst from the Atlantic, and is spreading all over this broad land. It is twelve o'clock, and the word comes and every bell in America rings, cannon roar, tugs whistle. It is in commemoration of the birth of American liberty. Now shout! Shout! Shout! There is Paul Jones' flag and here is Andrew Jackson's sword. Let every American swear at this moment that he will be ready at any time to draw his sword in defence of that dear old American flag."

Saturday, Oct. 28, 1893, Mayor Harrison was at the World's Fair. It was the last day of the last week of that noble Exposition, in which he took such pride, and to the success of which he had contributed so much. The ceremonies of the day were such as to enlist his heartiest interest. It was the day upon which the mayors of nearly a score of the larger cities and towns of the United States had gathered at the White City. There were music and addresses in the Music Hall. Close friends of the mayor declared that afternoon they had never seen him more alert, more magnetic, in finer fettle. He bore his sixty-eight years with the lightness of a lad of twenty. Announcement of his pending marriage had just been made. The speech he made that afternoon was youthful in its audacity; and when he declared with mock seriousness, "I intend to live for almost half a century" his auditors forgot, in the presence of his magnificent vitality, that this man was already within two years of the Scriptural limit of three-score years and ten. The speech he delivered that

afternoon — the last public utterance of Carter Henry Harrison — may well be quoted here: —

"MAYORS OF THE VARIOUS CITIES WHO ARE OUR GUESTS, AND YOU, OFFICIALS OF CHICAGO, AND OF OTHER CITIES: — It is my pleasing duty to welcome you to Chicago to witness the dying scene of this magnificent Exposition. It is a little chilly in weather, but the sun is coming out, and you have a warm beat from the heart of our people. Thus it is that at the dying scene, while these beauties are passing away, this World's Fair is showing itself in its most majestic proportion, as the moment approaches for it to pass away forever. Mr. Madden has said to you words of praise of the efforts of our sister cities in helping to make this thing a success. All who have visited the World's Fair are glad of the opportunity they have had to see such a scene of grandeur, and I myself deeply pity any American who has lost the opportunity of coming here.

"I have sometimes said what I would do if I were President of the United States. If I were to-day Grover Cleveland I would send a message to Congress and would say in that message that the World's Columbian Exposition has been a success, ay, beyond the expectation of any man living. It was fitting for us to celebrate the greatest event of the world, the discovery of two continents. Six months has been altogether too short a time for this greatest of all world's-fairs. The President should say that it has beaten itself; and the American people should to-day make an appropriation through its Congress to preserve these buildings until next year, and notify all the world to come here. At the end of this week we shall have had 22,000,000 admissions to these grounds. No doubt many of them have been duplicated many times. There have probably been 10,000,000 or 12,000,000 of Americans inside these grounds. We have in the United States 65,000,000, ay,

nearly 70,000,000 inhabitants, and the Congress should declare that another year be given us that all Americans could have an opportunity to come here. The Exposition, the directory, has not the means to continue it. It is a national enterprise, and the Nation should breathe new life into it and let us have the Fair for another year, and next year we would have an average attendance of 250,000 a day.

"This World's Fair has been the greatest educator of the nineteenth century, the greatest this century has seen. It has been the greatest educator the world has ever known. Come out and look upon these grounds, upon this beautiful White City. The past has nothing for its model; the future will be utterly incapable of competing with it, ay, for hundreds of years to come. This great White City has sprung from the morass. Only two years ago this was the home of the muskrat. Two years ago this thousand acres which is now covered by these palaces lay but a little above water and much beneath it. Look at it now! These buildings, this hall, this dream of poets of centuries is the wild aspiration of crazy architects alone. None but a crazy architect could have supposed that this scene could be created. In two years it has sprung up from the morass and has risen, all that you see here, crystallized in staff, looking like marble. It has been my good fortune to have seen all the cities of the world, or nearly all. It has been my good fortune to have been among the ruins of the great cities of the Old World. I have stood upon the seven hills of Rome; from Capitoline I have looked over and tried to re-people old Rome. I have been in Athens. Around me were ruins. I had enough imagination to rehabilitate them. I have stood among the ruins of all the old cities, but no imagination could recall any of those ruins and make them compare with this White City. A man said to me yesterday in walking around these grounds: 'Who could have conceived this? What brain brought it forth? What genius

instigated the idea of these magnificent buildings and their groupings?' I said to him: 'There is an old adage: "Fools enter where angels dare not tread." Our people were wild, crazy, if you choose. They conceived all that the madness of genius could conceive. There have been great men who have said that genius was insanity. Genius is but audacity, and the audacity of the "wild and woolly West," and of Chicago has chosen a star and has looked upward to it and knows nothing that it will not attempt, and thus far has found nothing that it cannot accomplish. It was the audacity of genius that imagined this thing. It was the pluck of the people, congregated from all the cities of this Union, from all the nationalities of the world, speaking all languages, drawing their inspiration from three thousand miles of territory from east to west, from yonder green lake on the north to the gulf on the south, — our people who have never yet found failure.'

"When the fire swept over our city and laid it in ashes in twenty-four hours, then the world said: 'Chicago and its boasting is now gone forever.' But Chicago said: 'We will rebuild the city better than ever,' and Chicago has done it. The World's Fair is a mighty object lesson, but, my friends, come out of this White City, come out of these walls into our black city. When we get there we will find that there is an object lesson even greater than is the World's Fair itself. There is a city that was a morass when I came into the world sixty-eight and one-half years ago. It was a village of but a few hundreds when I had attained the age of 12 years in 1837. What is it now? The second city in America! And you, people of the East, look well to your laurels. I told Mayor Gilroy the other day: 'Look well to your laurels.' For the man is now born, and I myself have taken a new lease of life, and I believe I shall see the day when Chicago will be the biggest city in America, and the third city on the face of the globe. I once heard Tom Corwin tell a story of a man who was on

the witness stand, over near the eastern shores of Maryland. They asked him his age. He said he was 36.

"'Why,' said Mr. Corwin, 'you look 50.'

"'Well,' the witness answered, 'during fourteen years of my life I lived in Maryland, and I don't count that.'

"I don't count the past from the year 1892, the four hundredth anniversary of the discovery of America. I intend to live for more than half a century, and at the end of that half-century London will be trembling lest Chicago shall surpass it, and New York will say, 'Let it go to the metropolis of America.' It is but a little while when I expect to get on a magnificent steamer at Chicago's wharf and go to a suburb, — New Orleans, the Crescent City of the globe. Mr. Mayor of Omaha, we will take you in as a suburb. We are not narrow-minded. Our heart is as broad as the prairies that surround us.

"But we are here, gentlemen, to receive the mayors and the officials of our American cities. The day is propitious. I hope Congress will see this day and continue the Columbian Exposition for another year. The people of the world did not know what we had here. Some envious newspapers have misrepresented us. Philadelphia has alway been kind to us. I recollect the maiden speech I made in Congress. It was for the Centennial appropriation at Philadelphia. We Democrats were always for the appropriation, and I, as a Chicagoan, was for Philadelphia and the appropriation. If, however, Congress should fail in its duty, then what is our position? The birth of the World's Columbian Exposition was a marvellous one. Its building was also marvellous. But in a few days something more marvellous sprang up. These buildings were filled with marvellous exhibits. Look at this hall. There are but few in the wide world that equal it. The New York building has a hall that should be crystallized and covered over with glass. Brazil has a building, — one that we would not think could emanate from South American genius. Japan, Sweden,

Germany, England, Siam, and far-off Ceylon, have buildings which are marvels of beauty; but in a few days they will be gone forever.

"It almost sickens me when I look at this great Exposition to think that it will be allowed to crumble into dust. In a few days the building-wrecker will take hold of it and it will be torn down, and all of this wonderful beauty will be scattered to the winds of heaven. Mr. Burnham, the architect and partner of Mr. Root, who is really the designer of this thing, — poor Root is dead, gone forever; but it is a pleasing thought that probably at the yonder side he may look down and see what has been done; it must be with a feeling of great pleasure and great pride when he looks down on what he has designed, — Mr. Burnham said the other day: —

"'Let it go; it has to go, so let it go. Let us put the torch to it and burn it down.'

"I believe with him. If we cannot preserve it for another year I would be in favor of putting a torch to it and burning it down and let it go up into the bright sky to eternal heaven.

"But I am detaining you too long. I did not expect to make a speech of any length. But when I speak I never know what I shall say. There is an inspiration at this place, and I could go on talking from now until nightfall about the glories of the Fair. We welcome you here and tell you no statistics. We Chicagoans have put millions in these buildings. Chicago has $5,000,000 in them. It will get nothing back, but you won't find a Chicagoan that has come here that regrets the expenditure of that $5,000,000. The man that says that Chicago has wasted money is a lunatic. It has not been wasted. This Fair need not have a history to record it. Its beauty has gone forth among the people, — the men, the women, ay, the child has looked upon it, and they have all been well repaid for this wonderful education.

"No royal king ordered it, but the American people with the greatest of pluck, with the pluck born under the freedom of those Stars and Stripes, made this thing possible, — possible to a free people. It is an educator of the world. The world will be wiser for it. No king can ever rule the American heart. We have the Monroe doctrine. America extends an invitation to the best of the world, and its Stars and Stripes will wave from now on to eternity. That is one of the lessons we have taught.

"But I must stop. If I go on another moment I will get on to some new idea. I thank you all for coming to us. I welcome you all here; in the name of Chicago I welcome you to see this dying effort of Chicago, — Chicago that never could conceive what it would n't attempt, and yet has found nothing that it could not achieve. I thank you all."

Four hours after the plaudits of his hearers died away Mayor Harrison lay dead in the home which had been his for a score of years. Death came to him in sudden and terrible guise. The hand which dealt the fatal stroke was an ignoble one. A half-mad seeker after place under the city administration, an illiterate fellow of base instincts and with a craving for notoriety, one Prendergast, called at the mayor's door, summoned Mr. Harrison to the parlor, and struck him down with three pistol-shots. The two, assassin and victim, were alone. Always accessible to all men, however lowly, retaining still that superb confidence in his fellow-beings which lead him to assure Prince Bismarck of his freedom from fear of assassination, Mr. Harrison met Prendergast as he had met a score of men seemingly more dangerous.

The assassin was able to do his work without interruption. In fifteen minutes the mayor lay dead, his last words having been a call for his betrothed, Miss Annie Howard, to whom he would have been married in a few days. In an hour the murderer was in a cell, and the city, over which the news spread with electric speed, was sorrowing for the death of Harrison, and clamoring for the life of his assassin. Into the circumstances of the crime it is idle now to go. Its perpetrator was a man of the Guiteau stamp, and was impelled to his deed by vague semi-political promptings like those which actuated the assassin of Garfield. With shrewdness and mentality enough to support himself, and to study and comprehend theological and economic problems, he yet was sufficiently weak-minded to think himself a fit candidate for the post of corporation counsel; and in a period of moody wrath over his failure of appointment, he shot down the mayor whom he held responsible. History has been prolific of such crimes. Not in the proper sense of the phrase political assassinations, as was that of the Russian Czar Nicholas, they nevertheless spring from partisan politics. In the specific case of Prendergast it is easy to see how the virulent and constant attacks of the anti-Harrison press should have recurred to his mind when he found himself betrayed and deserted, as he thought, by the mayor. Only the most general idea of the bitterness of those attacks has been given in these pages; but no one

who saw the torrent of invective and epithet poured out on Carter Harrison by the hostile newspapers in his last campaign will wonder that a man of blunted moral sense, overweening egotism, and with a fancied grievance, should have thought himself doing the State a service by the assassination of the mayor. Throughout his trial, which resulted in his execution, the murderer steadfastly refused to plead insanity, firmly declaring his conviction that the people would justify him in what he had done.

But if in life Carter Harrison had suffered cruelly from the poisoned darts of his political antagonists, in death he was covered with laurels. That kindly maxim, "Speak naught but good of the dead," — a corollary of which too often observed is, "and naught but evil of the living," — was given full observance in his case. Nor were the sorrow of the people and the outpouring of praise of the dead in any degree perfunctory. The heart of the city was indeed sorely touched. The horrible circumstances of the death had doubtless something to do with increasing the general expression of sorrow; the pity of it, coming on the very eve of a wedding, had more. But no one who followed intimately the career of Carter Harrison failed to note that in the last summer of his life he vastly strengthened himself, made his way more closely into the people's hearts. The enthusiasm with which he threw himself into the ceremonies of the Columbian Exposition, the devotion to duty which kept him close at his desk in

the city hall despite the fatigue of public social functions, the grace and courtesy with which he received for the city the distinguished guests from all parts of the world who flocked hither, were matters of general knowledge. Though for over thirty years Carter Harrison had been in the eye of the Chicago public he never filled so large a space, nor appeared in such favorable guise, as in the summer of 1893.

At the time of his assassination Carter Harrison had become a national figure. The Fair, and his part in it, had made his name intimately known in all parts of the United States, and had even given it a certain currency abroad. Though he had reached an age at which most men abandon active strife for further advancement, he had still his ambitions. Lofty and honorable ones they were, and the future was bright with promise for their gratification. The news of his assassination, then, fell upon the nation with a shock which could scarcely have been equalled save by news of a President's violent death. From all parts of the land there arose words of lamentation for the cruel assassination of this man, who had many opponents but scarcely one enemy. The highest statesmen in the nation expressed admiration for his character and sorrow for his end. And yet it is probable that, had Carter Harrison living been able to witness the mourning for Carter Harrison dead, more than all the words of sorrow from the rich and the eminent, would have touched him

that mighty outpouring of the common people, who flocked to the city hall where his body lay in state. Seldom has a more impressive tribute been paid to the memory of a public man. For two days a dense throng of people blocked the passages of the city hall and county building leading to the rotunda in which the body lay. The two buildings occupy an entire square; and, on the morning when the casket was brought from the Harrison home to its public resting-place, the streets on every side were crowded with citizens. When the double lines, that for two days and the greater part of two nights filed past the murdered mayor's bier, were formed, it took a squad of police to force the people into line. All sorts of men were there, and many women, but in greatest numbers the plain people with whom in life the dead man had sympathized so fully, for whose good opinion he had cared so much.

This is neither the place nor the time to recount the words of eulogy of the dead man spoken by the press and the publicists of the nation. Nor is it needed to make more than passing reference to the flood of condolence which poured in upon the stricken family of four adult children from people of every degree, — from the highest officials of nation and State, and from the humbler partners of the dead politician's many campaigns. Detraction, it is true, raised its head in the columns of a few ill-informed or irreconcilable newspapers, but its voice was lost in the general chorus of respect and regret. In the

train of his bier followed citizens of every degree, and when the grave closed over his body all Chicago felt it had lost its greatest citizen, — the greatest in the field of politics and statecraft who had made his home in that city since the time of Stephen A. Douglas.

CHAPTER X.

HIS POLITICAL IDEAS.

THOUGH his character was many-sided and brimful of variety, it is in his principal rôle of student and exponent of municipal government that Carter H. Harrison will be remembered. As a traveller, he was alert and observant, and possessed of ample literary talents to enable him to record his observations in readable form. As representative in Congress his career was far from commonplace. He was serviceable to his constituents, and a conspicuous member of the national legislature. Yet Congressional life was never to his taste. Years after he had retired from Congress, and was again the mayor of Chicago, he said to a close friend who urged him to take early action to secure the senatorship from Illinois: —

"I have but little desire to be United States senator. The honor, it is true, is enticing; but I would chafe beneath the fusty traditions of the Senate. The inactivity of senatorial life would be to me a constant source of weariness and irritation. I never enjoyed my life in Congress. Executive work is more to my taste, and I would prefer to live and die mayor of Chicago."

By all his mental characteristics Carter Harrison was fitted for the chief executive of a great city. Chicago he knew like a lesson of boyhood, and loved like a son. The time he spent in his office in the city hall was the least he spent in its service. Waking, the city was never absent from his mind. His conversation turned almost exclusively upon civic themes. His hours of leisure were largely spent on the back of his Kentucky mare, riding through streets and alleys, investigating paving, keeping an eye on the work of street-cleaners and scavengers, noticing whether street railways were living up to the requirements of their franchises in the matter of paving, and inspecting the progress of public works. More than one derelict contractor or city employee suffered the shock of having the first report of his neglect of duty made to his chief by the mayor himself. Even in his last term, when Chicago had grown to such proportions that no one man could hope to know it all, and when the constant demands of the World's-Fair ceremonies kept Mr. Harrison busy, citizens knew that the speediest way to get a nuisance abated, work done, or police protection increased, was to see the mayor himself. Visitors upon such errands, who might with justice have been referred to the heads of departments, were always received by Harrison, their requests heard, and in the great majority of cases the reforms for which they asked were immediately effected.

In the choice of his lieutenants in the municipal

administration, Carter Harrison was never hampered by purely partisan considerations. Always a Democrat himself, always making his campaigns for office upon a Democratic ticket, he discharged his obligations to party by giving the main body of the offices to men of that faith. He was a believer in party politics, and in the application of Marcy's cynical maxim, "To the victors belong the spoils," up to the point at which the public interest might be put in jeopardy. That point reached, his duty to the public took precedence of his duty to the party, and his appointments were made without political bias. If clerks in a public office, bridge-tenders, or street laborers were to be employed, Democrats and only Democrats were chosen. If a commissioner of public works or a comptroller was needed, the best man for the place was sought, and his politics was considered matter of secondary import. It was the widespread recognition of this policy of the mayor which always gained for him thousands of Republican votes despite the antagonism of the Republican press, and which in his last election caused him to make enormous gains in every Republican ward in the city.

In his theories of municipal government Carter Harrison followed closely the maxim of Herbert Spencer: "Each man should have liberty to do what he will, provided he infringes not upon the equal liberty of every other man." His mind, naturally broad and liberal, was educated by much travel to tolerance of, and even sympathy with, those Euro-

pean customs of life which in America often affront the lingering Puritanism of our race. He recognized in Chicago a cosmopolitan city, and held that the standards of public morals which might be defensible in a New England village would be impracticable of enforcement there.

In his management of labor troubles, always a delicate task for the mayor of Chicago, Carter Harrison showed notable tact and diplomacy. In earlier chapters we have noted his wise and really statesmanlike treatment of the threatening situation at the time of the so-called anarchist agitation, and his prompt yet kindly suppression of the demonstrations of the unemployed during the World's-Fair year. His liberality of thought and his active human sympathy put him to a certain degree in touch with the people who come to the surface at times of industrial agitation. He trusted them, and they trusted him. It was his common practice, if a meeting of disaffected workingmen seemed to threaten riot, to go in person to the spot, and address them. During the World's-Fair year, by a few words spoken at the foot of the Columbus statue on the Lake Front, he quieted a crowd of the unemployed, into whose midst he had pressed himself unattended, which had given the whole city alarm. Alone in the midst of a throng of malcontents, he was more of a power for peace and order than a platoon of police. The fearless daring of his presence elicited the admiration of the more temperate, and cowed

the turbulent into silence. This audacity cannot be better exemplified than by giving his answer to a police official, who expostulated with him for lighting his cigar with several flaming matches, in the thickest of the crowd, on the memorable night of the Haymarket riot: "I want them to know that the mayor of Chicago is here."

In summing up the theory upon which Carter H. Harrison, the veteran municipal executive, acted in meeting the problems of civic government, the biographer could have no more trustworthy guide than the address upon municipal government the mayor delivered before the Nineteenth Century Club of New York, and which created widespread comment. This address put in formal shape the two cardinal principles upon which he based his theory of municipal politics, — namely, the observance of absolute democracy in the choice of a mayor, and the granting to that functionary, when once elected, absolute authority, limited only by the purely legislative functions of the city council. Some quotations from this paper will do much to elucidate the theory by which Mayor Harrison was guided.

In discussing the right to universal suffrage and combating the oft-suggested expedient of a property qualification he said: —

"This experiment proving a failure, some good men have jumped to the conclusion that the denizens of cities might be trusted with their own government, provided the right of suffrage should be indirectly abridged, not by taking

from any man the right to vote, but by giving to some men a cumulative vote in proportion to their property. This, they think, will make the ballot more conservative, and therefore more wise. This, too, would be in violation of every spirit of free government, which rests the suffrage upon manhood, and not upon property qualifications. I have never yet found that a biped ass is any less an ass because of quadruped asses filling his stalls, or that a blockhead is any less a blockhead because, by patience and hoarding, by prudence or luck, he has become the owner of blocks of brick and mortar. My own observations are that the man who reared a fortune by buying cheap by the bale and selling dear by the yard — that the man who buys coffee by the car-load and sells it by the pound — however skilled he may be in the rise and fall of commodities and the prospect of markets, is not to any extent a better judge of human nature, or of the intelligence and capabilities of men than the porter who rolls his bale or the truckman who hauls his sack, — than the salesman who sells and ties up the yard or the pound. Your princely merchants are no more skilled in reading human nature, — ay, not half so much so as are their drummers and travelling salesmen whose bread comes from a knowledge of human nature. Besides, property and wealth oftentimes narrow a man's views instead of enlarging them ; the poor man's necessities sharpen his skill and quicken his faculties. . . . The tendencies of all governments are to one or the other of two things, — toward centralization, consolidation, greater strength, and ultimate despotism, or toward decentralization, greater freedom, and ultimately license and destruction. The two extremes ultimately meet. The despotism of the one man tumbles into the despotism of the mob. The despotism of the mob ends in the despotism of the one strong man. It is the part of statesmanship to so guide governments as to retard the march toward these their logical tendencies ; to stave off the evil day, so as to make the rule of happiness as long as possible."

The confidence in the ultimate good faith and good sense of the people which was the fundamental doctrine in his political creed he manfully insisted upon: —

"Our government will follow other governments, — it will grow and then decay. *Esto perpetua* was a grand appeal, but it was Webster's oratorical peroration, not the divine prophecy of genius. Let us hope that we will live and many generations will follow us, happy in our country's growth, and that its decay will be in the dim and far-off future. To make our hope a fruition, let us tie to the moorings pointed out to us by Jefferson and the fathers. We are anchored upon the people. When our anchorage ceases to be trusted, then will the rot have set in and our grand heritage will no longer give us a land of freedom. The people may be crazed for a day, they may go astray for a term, but their sober second thought is that *vox populi* which is *vox Dei.* They may get drunk and grow wild, but we can appeal from Philip drunk to Philip sober. The masses have a wonderful instinct in looking into men's characters and reading them aright. General Jackson was criticised and condemned by the learned of his day, but the people trusted him, and now the world concedes that the people were true to their instinct and not put their trust in vain. In the dark days from 1861 to 1865 carping criticism laughed at and derided Lincoln. The people put their trust in old Abe, and now the sternest thinkers admit that what was termed weakness in the President was his strength, and that it saved the Union."

Upon the wisdom of giving the municipality's chief executive plenary powers and holding him individually to the strictest responsibility for the efficiency of every executive department Carter Har-

rison was always determined. When in office himself he demanded power and never sought to shirk responsibility. His belief in a "one man power" government — that one man having been elected by the people — was unshakable. Much of his Nineteenth Century Club address was given up to this contention: —

"My own views are that the mayor should have the power to appoint and discharge, free from any intervention of the legislative branch of the city government. This vast power would seem to many at first blush too great to place in any one executive hand. Many will say it is undemocratic. We must remember, however, that the mayor is the people's servant; his term of office is short, and if his power be improperly used the people will condemn him at the end of his term. The people hold all the power and for the time being delegate him to execute their will. Power so delegated to one man is no less democratic than the same power placed in the hands of several persons. The people retain the power if delegated to one as much as if they delegated it to many, and they can look into the acts of one man more closely than into the acts of several. He cannot shirk a single responsibility, while each of several can and will do so. Since Adam said to his Maker, 'The woman whom thou gavest to be with me, she gave me of the tree to eat, and I did eat,' men have been constantly trying to shirk responsibility and to lay the blame for their short-comings upon some one else.

"A mayor walks in the open light. His acts of yesterday are seen and criticised by the people of to-day. The sphere of his authority is limited, and can be viewed and understood by each and every one of his fellow-citizens from day to day. He cannot escape condemnation if he misuses his power. It is difficult for him to please even

when his every act is of the purest and the wisest. The people's opinions of matters immediately arising are as various as their various intelligences and their varied interests. The mayor's executive duties affect the citizens immediately. Few of his acts can fail to affect injuriously, or at least disagreeably, some part or portion of his constituents. Nearly every duty performed offends some one or more, and this makes one or more hostile to him. And in this way during his term of two years he will necessarily make many, if not his enemies, at least his very lukewarm friends, while he offends in many small matters. In this way he finds a ready and a harsh critic on every corner. His popularity cannot be maintained on this account, and if maintained at all it will be a purely official and not a personal popularity. That is, the people may re-elect him, not because they like him as an individual, but because as an official he protects their interests.

"Many have thought that such power, together with his patronage, will enable such a mayor to keep himself in office. What I have said is enough to answer one ground of these fears. The other, I think, is easily disposed of. Patronage is an element of weakness, not of strength, to a self-seeking man. When once in place a ward politician loses his influence. He is supposed to be working for his own interests if he attempts to exercise influence, and thereby loses what he had before, and, being himself too often a self-seeker, he tries to hold his place by endeavoring to please all parties about the time of elections. He is a trimmer now, whereas he was a firm party man before he got his position. Of course, I refer to the patronage in a small sphere, such as is a city. The bitterest of all partisan complaints made to me since I have held office has been that the men I have appointed have been *no good* for the party.

"Besides the benefits arising from the undivided responsibility being placed upon the one executive head, with full

powers, there are others of equal consequence. The mayor, who is the real head of all departments of the city, can enforce a unity of action and purposes utterly impossible when there are boards and commissions, each independent of the single head. Given a board of police and fire, another of health, another of public works, and still another of streets and highways. Each of these independent departments looks only at its own interests, and thus makes a unity of city administration impossible. Let me illustrate this by considering the question of finance and economy, the most important of all in city affairs. Each department considers itself the important one and expends the city's funds to the full limit of its power, and no one but the people at the end of the term of office to inspect their action. Economy becomes impossible, and waste, or at least extravagance, necessarily follows. But one responsible head, deeply influenced by the city's interest, or, what will be equally effective, working for his reputation and good name, looks over the whole field, holds in check each department, giving to each all he feels consistent with the public good, knowing that he will stand or fall by the good conduct, honesty, and economy of all, runs the entire city as a wise merchant or great manufacturer runs his establishment, with prudence and with an eye to the prosperity of the whole.

"A city may be likened to a great military camp in an enemy's country. How long would such a camp be safe if every colonel or captain was clothed with full powers? A single head is necessary for the very existence of those in camp. A great city is always in an enemy's country. Its enemies, however, are within its own walls, and unless there be some responsible head, a turbulent citizen may at any time, under some great excitement such as is constantly arising in our cities, bring calamity, if not ruin. Responsibility and power develop a man, and make him equal to a great emergency, even as he himself little

dreamed of. These views are those of one who will shortly be out of office, and simply a private citizen. All I have is in the city whose chief magistrate I am. I wish to live there and have my children enjoy what I may give and leave them. I would have Chicago governed as I have indicated, when I shall have only the ballot of a single man."

Holding the views he did it was not strange that Carter Harrison should have clashed with the people who esteem themselves foremost in the community, who seek to limit, rather than extend personal freedom and who sometimes control newspapers by the aid of which they can make or break a political reputation. By birth, education, and wealth Harrison was one of this class, but by intellectual convictions he was antagonist to it. Nor was his apparent alliance with the less prosperous class in the community a mere political expedient as so many people hastily termed it. He was really at heart a Democrat of the Jeffersonian type. More nearly than any notable political leader of later days he approximated in character, in his weaknesses as well as in his strength, the "Sage of Monticello." Like Jefferson he believed in the masses and in turn the people rewarded him with their unfaltering devotion. Like Jefferson again, he denied the superior intelligence and integrity of the classes, and in the same way became the target for their endless and virulent vituperation. To the attacks upon him, which transcended in bitterness, malevolence, and indecency anything recorded in political annals, he was keenly

sensitive, though he was too old a campaigner to show his hurts, and bore the cudgelling with a smiling mien. But the comparative peace which followed his final election to office, the appreciation which even his enemies manifested of his unremitting and genial efforts to play the host for Chicago during that gala season with which his life went out, brought to him grateful relief. To those who hold him ever in kindly thought it will always be a pleasant memory that, though cut down before the attainment of the highest honors, he conquered in the last months of his life even the good opinion of his political foes. The tribute which all Chicago laid upon his bier was not the perfunctory testimony of respect for an eminent man in death, it was the true manifestation of sincere sorrow for the untimely end of a man whom in life many loved, many admired, and all respected.

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